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# PLUCK AND LUCK

## STORIES OF ADVENTURE.

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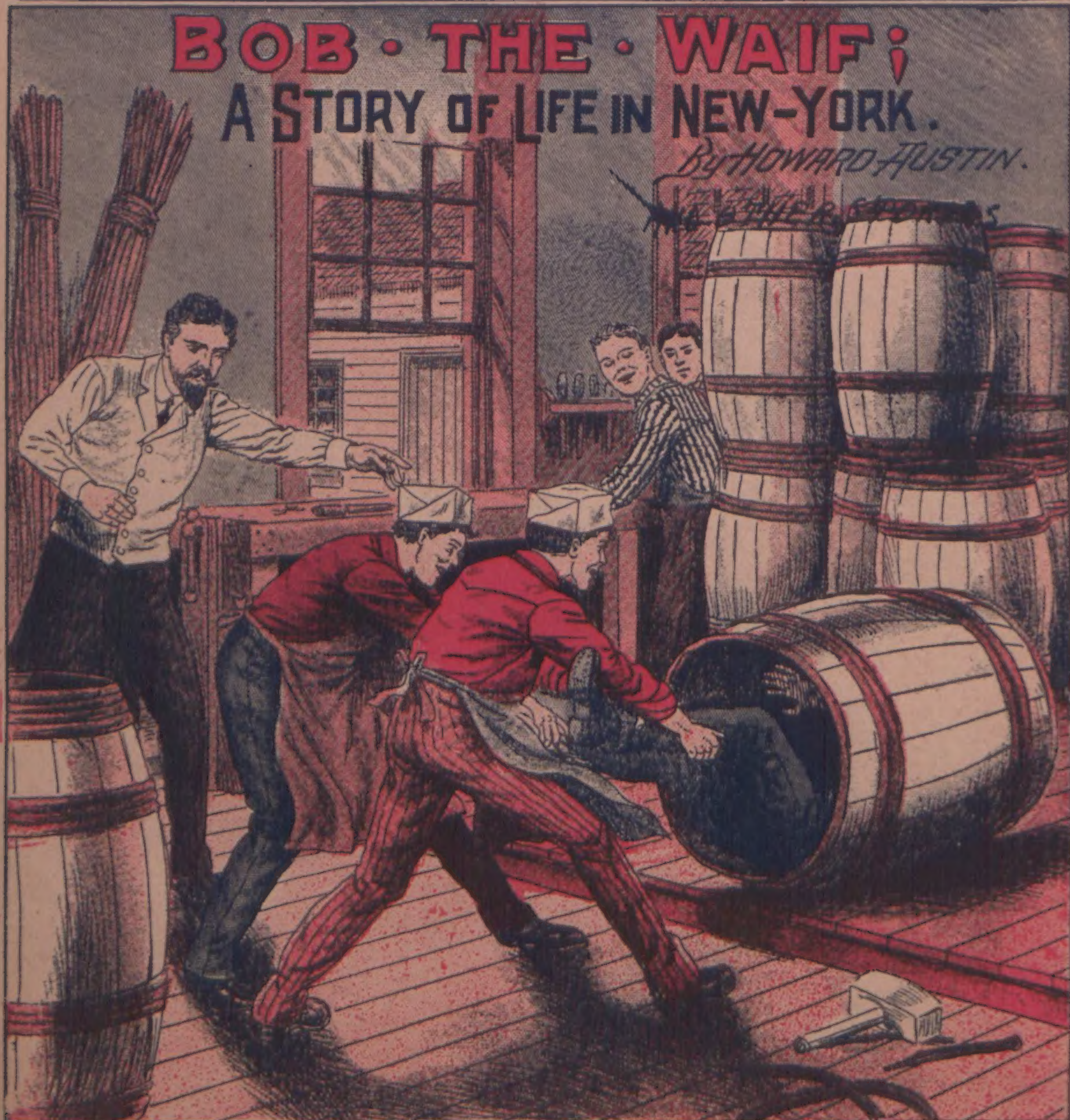
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NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 28, 1923

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*By HOWARD AUSTIN.*



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Interesting Radio Articles on Pages 24 and 25

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## BOB THE WAIF

A STORY OF LIFE IN NEW YORK

By HOWARD AUSTIN

### CHAPTER I.—Bidwell, the Crank.

The scene of the opening of this story is laid in a cooper's shop on South Street, New York City. Mr. Stubble was the owner, and employed quite a number of journeymen, as well as three or four apprentices, and out of the business he had made a handsome fortune. Mr. Stubble was making out a bill, and one of his customers, Mr. Bidwell, stood before the desk with an amount of money in his hand, as though waiting to pay the same.

"There you are, Mr. Bidwell. Five hundred fifty-two twenty," said the old cooper, presenting the bill, which the other scrutinized for a moment and then proceeded to pay.

"Is that right?" asked Bidwell.

"Right to a cent. Many thanks. This makes us square again."

"Yes, as we have been many a time since we have been dealing with each other. I have paid you quite a large amount of money first and last," said Bidwell.

"Oh, yes, and you have always got your money's worth," replied Stubble, cheerfully.

"That I always do. By the way, how long have we been dealing together?"

"Ah, these many years," said Stubble, with a sigh.

"How many, do you think?"

"Well, let me see," said the old cooper, casting his eyes up to the ceiling. "It must be all of sixteen years."

"So long. No," replied Bidwell.

"It must be all of that. You went into the Shipping business soon after your poor cousin was lost at sea, and— Why do you start?"

"I—I was thinking of my poor cousin. I can never forget that loss," said Bidwell, as he turned away.

"Yes, poor Harry. He should never have been sent to sea. Indeed, he had no business to allow himself to be handled in the way he was. What business was it of your father's if he did make a madcap marriage?"

"You forget that my father was his guaradian; that he was his brother's only child, left in his charge, and that he was trying to break him to

the ways of sobriety and business. But that is all past and gone," he added, taking out a memorandum book.

"By the way, whatever became of his widow?"

"Oh, she went crazy, poor thing, and died in the lunatic asylum years ago, I am told."

"And they had no children?"

"Oh, dear, no. It was a sad case, but she is better out of the world than in it."

At that instant there was a loud laugh in the work-shop just back of the office, and Mr. Biddle took his departure. Mr. Stubble watched him for a moment as he walked away toward his warehouse. He hated Bidwell, and believe more about him than he would have cared to express, and as for his apprentice, Bob—Bob, the waif—he had learned to look upon him almost in the light of a son. Three years before he had obtained him from the matron of a Foundling Asylum, and, being then a robust boy with a very fair education, thanks to the matron who had taken an interest in him for some reason or other, and he took him to learn the cooper's trade.

Old-fashioned apprentices almost always lived with their bosses. Mr. Stubble was an old-fashioned mechanic, but he had a fashionable wife and daughter, and they would not think for a moment of doing as he had done in the old time, but Bob, somehow, made himself an exception, and was taken into the rich cooper's family, while his fellow-apprentices were sent to board in other places. Mrs. Stubble was particularly fond of Bob, and as Mr. Stubble was particularly fond of Mrs. Stubble, it all counted for Bob, and he was regarded as a particularly fortunate apprentice. Just then, however, there arose a chorus of laughter which aroused him, and at the same time convincing him that all hands were laughing and that something more than usual was going on in the cooper's shop. So he opened the door leading to it, in order to find out what it was.

Rather an unusual sight presented itself to him as he threw open the door. There stood Bob, his favorite apprentice of whom he had just been thinking so warmly, mallet and setter in hand, engaged in driving down the hoops of a nearly finished cask, over the top of which hung a pair of legs.



## CHAPTER II.—Bob the Apprentice.

"What in the name of mischief is going on here now?" demanded the old cooper, but Bob only laughed as he kept pegging away at the hoops without making any reply. "Whose legs are those?"

"Bung's," replied Bob.

"Bung's! What is he doing in there?"

"Taking a sleep, I guess."

"Is he drunk again?"

"Boiling."

"It's shameful."

"Can't help it, boss. He got up on my work to take a rest; I knocked up the hoops—the head fell in, he fell in with it, and that's what's the matter with Bung."

"I will not have such doings in my shop, sir," said Mr. Stubble, severely.

"It isn't my fault, boss."

"Oh, you are always up to some mischief or other, and I'm tired of it. Get him out."

"I'm no bung-starter."

"Silence, sir! How dare you chaff with me? Get him out of that cask, and put him somewhere out of sight until he gets sober enough for me to discharge him. I will have him in my employ no longer."

Bob tipped the cask over, and with the assistance of his fellow apprentices they pulled the drunken cooper out, and carried him to a shed where they placed him on some shavings to sleep off his jag undisturbed by anybody.

"Bob, this fooling must stop," said Stubble when the boys returned to their work.

"Well, make Bung stop, then."

"I'll attend to him. But if it isn't one thing it is another, and you are the leader. Bob, you are an ingrate."

"What sort of a grate is that, boss?" asked Bob, looking up at him with a grin.

"Stop your chaffing, sir, or I will take a hoop to you. How dare you?"

"Well, you always told me to ask about anything I didn't understand."

"Oh, I'll make you understand, sir. Only to think that I took you out of a charity home to learn you a trade, and make a man of you——"

"I don't want you to make a man of me, sir."

"What! Why not?" exclaimed the old man.

"Because I want to be a self-made man. They're all the rage nowadays," said Bob, in his light, off-hand way, which caught the old man out in spite of his assumed severity.

"Well, I fear you have got poor material to work on, unless you intend to make a clown of yourself. Now, mind, no more fooling in the shop. By the way, put that job aside, for I have another for you that must be done right away. Come into the office," he added, going there himself.

Bob exchanged winks with his fellows, put aside the cask he was at work upon, and followed his master.

"Here, Bob," said Mr. Stubble, turning to him with the order for a cask that he had received from Mr. Bidwell. "Here is a sort of a tub, a cask with one head in it, for some special purpose or other. Make it with finished hoops—a nice job,

mind you, and take it to—no, see that it is taken to Mr. Bidwell's counting-room."

"All right, sir."

"Just wait here in the office until I return," added Mr. Stubble, going out, as he often did, leaving Bob in charge.

"Another job for old Bidwell, eh?" he mused, after being left alone. "I'd like to put a head on him as easily as I can to a barrel, the mean old rooster. I hate that old duffer. Wonder if he'll kick me again as he did the last time I went to his office, just because I put a pinch of red pepper on his stove, and dropped my adze on his cat's tail, both accidental, of course. Some men will get mad at the least little thing. Hello, Pinky!" he added, as a loudly dressed, but good-looking young lady entered the office.

She was his boss's daughter, very fastidious, and Bob always called her "Pinky," although her name was May Pink. He was a thorn in her side, but at the same time she could not help liking him, he was so handsome, so brave and full of fun, but the idea of being in love with him was full as far from her mind as being in love with a female dude was from his.

"Aw, Bob, where's paw?" she asked, as she teetered into the office and looked around.

"Aw, whose paw?" he asked, mimicking her voice and style to perfection.

"Whose paw? Why, my paw, of course. Bob, aw you—you talk too much. Where is paw—has he gone out?" she asked again.

"Yes, Pinky, your paw has gone out to change his breath," said Bob, cheerily.

"What?"

"It is eleven o'clock, Pinky, and your paw has gone out to get a clove."

"You are real impertinent, and I shall speak to paw about you," said she, turning away in great disdain. "There, now!"

"Aw, by the way, Pinky, I wish you would speak to him about me. Ask him if I can go to that moonlight excursion I was asking him about."

"I shall do nothing of the kind."

"The Kickers are going to have a splendid moonlight excursion next Tuesday. Tell him that I'll take you along, eh?"

"Bob, stop such foolishness; you make me tired. Go tell paw I am waiting for him."

"Aw! here comes your paw!" said he, as he saw his boss approach the door. "Get on to the clove, Pinky."

"Aw, paw, I have been waiting for you, and Bob here has been downright insulting to me," she said, as her father entered the office.

"What do you say; insulting to you?" the old man demanded, fiercely.

"Yes, he had the unparalleled audacity to ask me to go to the Kickers' moonlight excursion with him," said she, as though she felt hurt.

"Why is it that you two can never agree? I should think you would be ashamed of yourself," said her father, reprovably.

"Why, paw, he calls me a dudine and mocks me," she said with a whimper.

The old gentleman took a look at her.

"Well, I don't wonder that he does. What brings you down here?" he added.

"Aw, you forgot to leave a check this morning,



paw, and you know maw and I want to go shopping," said she, coaxingly.

"Bah! One-half of your lives is spent in shopping," said he, in a tone of disgust.

But all the same he took out his book and wrote a check. He was used to such things. He handed it to her just as somebody on the sidewalk shouted fire.

"A fire?" he asked, anxiously, going out the door.

Several were by this time shouting the dread cry, and looking down the street he saw smoke pouring in huge volumes from the windows of a high tenement house not half a block away. He quickly returned to his office and informed his daughter of its proximity.

"Oh, dear, will it spread so far as this?" she asked, with some anxiety, and by this time there was a great rush of people and a rattling of engines over the pavement.

"No, I guess not. It is a cold day when the firemen of New York allow a conflagration to get beyond where it originates," said he, with that pride that every New Yorker has in our magnificent fire department.

"Isn't it dreadful?"

They stood gazing from the window at the crowds that hurried along and the engines that came upon the scene with so much promptness, all ready to send their streams to the rescue as soon as they got connection with the hydrants. But being so near to the water, one of them took it at the end of the dock, giving it to the others, and in a shorter time almost than it takes to write it, they not only had a stream playing in at the windows of the burning building, but the other engines that took water from the hydrants were also doing good work against the destroyer. The police drew a cordon around the fire as quickly as possible, but they found it hard work to force back the crowd when it was seen that so many lives were in peril. Mr. Stubble went back and looked into his cooper's shop. There was not a workman left; they had all gone to see the fire. Out on the street the excitement grew by what it fed on. Now and then there were shouts outside of the fire line as some fortunate creature was taken down the ladders from the burning building, and presently there was one more vigorous than the others.

"What is it, I wonder?" asked Stubble, looking anxiously from the window.

"Dear me! I wish they would put it out and let me go home," said Pinky, pouting.

"Pshaw! how little you care for the sufferings of others," said her father. "Ah! what is this?" he added, as the crowd surged toward the door.

He had scarcely time to think again before Bob pushed open the door and rushed into the office with a little girl in his arms, followed by a crowd that was shouting itself hoarse.

"What have you there, Bob?" asked his boss.

"A kid," said he, puffing from exertion.

"Where did you get it?"

"Out of the burning telement house. I found the little thing deserted in one of the upper rooms. The fire and smoke were close upon me, and there was not a moment to lose. The stairs were ablaze and stifling smoke everywhere. I caught up the terrified kid, flew to the roof, jumped down to the roof below the next build-

ing, worked my way down through it without being taken for a sneak thief, and here I am—kid all right," said he.

"Bob, you are a good one!" said his boss, just as there was more excitement outside. "Ah!"

Scarcely had he spoken when a policeman opened the door, and was followed in by some women and great excitement, while cries of "The mother! the mother!" could be heard without.

"Oh, my child, my child; where is my child?" cried one of the poor women, anxiously.

"This one yours?" asked Bob, cheerfully.

"Oh, yes! Thank God, thank God!" cried the frantic mother, snatching it from him and falling on her knees before him, while she pressed the infant to her breast.

"Three cheers for Bob!" shouted somebody, and they were instantly given with a will.

### CHAPTER III.—Bob Plays the Detective.

Bob was pretty well known in the neighborhood of his boss' shop—by some as a mischief-maker, and by others as a smart, bright, young apprentice, ready for anything demanding courage and self-sacrifice. But for this last daring deed of his he was cheerful to the echo by everybody.

"Bob is a brave, game young fellow, and this is the second life he has saved since he has been with me," said Mr. Stubble, proudly.

Bob blushed because he thought they were all laying it on too thick.

"May I go back into the shop again now, sir?" he asked of Mr. Stubble.

"Yes, Bob, go to your bench again; but you shall have a holiday for this."

"All right, sir," and bowing to his admirers, he darted through the office door into the shop.

"That's a noble fellow, Stubble, and here is fifty dollars for him. Put it in the bank until he is out of his apprenticeship; then it may be of use to him," said a merchant who had been loud in his praise.

"I'd like to join you, Mr. Wells," said another.

"Certainly."

"Here are twenty-five dollars for the same purpose."

"And here is a ten," said another, and in a few minutes a hundred dollars lay on Mr. Stubble's table for Bob.

Before this took place, however, Pinky had managed to work her way out of her father's office, and to regain a more fashionable portion of the town, simply remembering that there had been a fire, and that Bob had saved a child's life. And as for the subscription, Mr. Stubble resolved to keep that a secret from him until he was entitled to the benefit of it. Glad enough was Bob to get away from that complimenting crowd and into the shop among the workmen and his companions again. And while all this had been going on, old Bung had come partially to his senses, and somebody about the shop had told him all about Bob's exploit. Bung was an ardent admirer of Bob, and so, in his half-boozy state, he wobbled over to his bench to congratulate him.

"Bully boy, Bob!" said he, offering his hand,



into which Bob put a mallet handle with all the soberness of an owl. "Shake," said Bung, and he really seemed to think he held Bob's hand. "Big thing, eh?"

"Right you are, Bung, old man," said Bob.

"Everybody congratulated you, eh?"

"Yes, all the big guns in the neighborhood."

"Did, eh? Why didn't they set up the beer?"

"Bung, I am going to do you a favor."

"Let her go."

Thereupon Bob seized him by the collar and ran him out of the side door and told him to go home. Bung started and Bob returned to his work.

"Better for me to fire him than to have the boss give him the good-by shake," said he.

That night Bob was again destined to receive an ovation from Mrs. Stubble in honor of what he had done, but as she had always been very kind and motherly to him, he could but receive her compliments gracefully.

But we will change the scent at this point. The next day Merchant Bidwell was seated in his private office alone, and seemed to be in a very uncomfortable and unsettled form of mind, for every now and then he would get up and pace the floor back and forth in great agitation. Finally he ceased his paces back and forth, and sat gloomily by his old-fashioned mahogany desk wrapped in meditation, and could those who knew him best have seen him now, they would have said that old flinty-hearted Herman Bidwell was in a melting mood, although they must have known that it was not a voluntary impulse. Finally he seemed to forget himself, and his thin, colorless lips parted, and the volcano that was within bubbled forth.

"Yes, I am sure it was her. I never saw that face but once, and although it is sadly changed, I could not mistake it. It was her, and her dream may yet come true. The dream was the shadowy prologue, and she suddenly steps out of the shadow as the first person in the drama. And yet Beattie swore to me years ago that she was dead. He has deceived me, as he has in other things. A curse upon him, and yet I am in the oily rascal's power. Oh, God, have I not suffered enough already? People call me heartless—I only wish I was. But I am not, and my conscience, like the finger of God in the olden day, has set a mark upon me, and people call it selfishness. For years I have been startled by shadows, and in my dreams those terrible things have been re-enacted. Better that it had been known and I had died. But there must be no retreating now. I have waded in so far that returning were as dangerous as to go o'er. She may be alive, and yet she knows nothing. Only God and I know it, and that is for the hereafter. And yet I shall feel happier knowing her dead, and she must be put out of the way. I have suffered enough already, and the few years I may have to live I must live in peace. I do not hate the woman, but her existence makes mine miserable, and she must be removed. I have sent for Beattie, and he should be here ere this. I hate and fear the rascal, but he is the only one I dare trust in the matter."

Then he got up and walked the floor of his office again, evidently impatient at the non-arrival of his agent and tool, the honorable Dank Beattie, as glossy a specimen of a cut-throat

as could be found anywhere. Beattie had received Bidwell's note, but took his own good time in responding, but he finally made his appearance, all shaven and polished, and as calm as the most honest man in the world. Bidwell started up as he entered.

"Ah! Good-evening, Mr. Bidwell. You see, I am here at your request," he said, at the same time seating himself leisurely in a chair.

"Yes, but at your own sweet pleasure," replied Bidwell, bitterly.

"Well, the fact is, I had business that detained me. But that is neither here nor there; I am here. What is it?" he asked, tapping the toe of his boot with his cane.

"That woman, Mary Bidwell," said he.

Dank Beattie looked at him a moment without speaking, seemingly confused that the name of the dead should be thus brought up. Both of their backs were toward a door that led into the general storeroom with an entrance from a side street. Into this door came our friend Bob, with the tall tub that he had made for Bidwell, and seeing that he was not observed, he rolled it quietly in, and then got quietly into it to listen, for seeing two such precious rascals together, he thought he would hear what they were saying. He was out of sight in an instant.

"Mary Bidwell?" asked Dank, but now with considerable curiosity and interest as he looked inquiringly at the merchant.

"That must be some of the old rooster's poor relations," thought Bob.

"Yes."

"Why, I had almost forgotten her. Mary Bidwell—why, she has been dead these years."

"You told me a lie, Dank Beattie," said the old man vehemently.

"About what?" he demanded quickly.

"Her death. You said you knew that she was dead and buried in Potter's Field."

"Well, I did not see her die, neither did I see her buried, but I was told by one of the keepers at the lunatic asylum on Blackwell's Island that such was the case. Why?"

"She is living."

"Impossible!"

"I saw her with my own eyes."

"When?"

"Yesterday, down here on South street, looking in a dazed way at the shipping."

Beattie seemed lost in thought.

"Well?" said Bidwell, after a pause.

"Yes, well?" Dank said, rousing.

"What is to be done?"

"What is the use of doing anything? She has no claim upon you, and can harm you in no possible way. Why, then, bother your head about her?"

"Her memory haunted me bad enough, but her actual presence, as though coming from the grave, will drive me to distraction. I do not think she is in her right senses yet, and that will make it all the more easy to deal with her. Her life is of no value to her, and is a source of great annoyance to me. Understand?"

"You would have her put out of the way."

"Most decidedly, and without any guesswork. Do you understand me?"

"Yes."



"Yes, and I will pay you well, as I have for other work you have done for me."

"Humph! How much?" asked the cold-blooded scoundrel, quietly tapping his forehead with the knob of his fancy cane.

"What do you say?"

"Five thousand dollars."

"What?"

"Five thousand. One thousand down."

Bidwell was about to speak in protest, but he suddenly checked himself, knowing how completely he was in his fellow rascal's power.

"I'll give it provided you make a clean job of it beyond a doubt. Here is my check for a thousand dollars——"

"No; checks have to be indorsed, and are liable to be worth something as evidence. Give it to me in bills," said Dank, calmly.

Bidwell hesitated a moment, and then, evidently seeing the point, went to his safe with a sigh, and counted out a thousand dollars in bills, which Dank counted over after him.

"I will commence work at once. How long it will take me to do it I do not know, for it must be done secretly, of course; but you shall hear from me whenever there is anything to tell. You saw her on South street, eh?" he asked, getting up and walking toward the front door.

"Yes," said Bidwell, following him out upon the street, where he gave him the full particulars of the case in hand.

Bob stood up and looked around.

"I thought so," said he, leaping out of the tub. "I have always known Dank Beattie for a rascal, and suspected old Bidwell of being one. Who can this woman be? Some of his poor relations, I'll be sworn, and Dank has engaged to murder her for five thousand dollars. Well! I'll just play a joke on old Bid," he added, and taking a marking-brush that stood near by, he wrote on a sheet of stiff wrapping paper these words:

"HERE'S YOUR TUB. IT HAS GOT EARS!"

Hanging it on the tub, he skipped out the same door he had entered unseen. Bidwell returned presently, and saw the tub for the first time. He also saw the painted card. He seized it and read the words.

"Great Heavens! what does this mean? It has ears? That rascal Bob; he brought it without being observed. Did he overhear anything that caused him to write this? How trouble thickens around me!" said, hes inking into a chair.

#### CHAPTER IV.—Bob Is In A Quandary.

It certainly was nothing but pure deviltry that made Bob take that tub to Bidwell's office, when Mr. Stubble had expressly told him to do so, but to send it by another, but the hatred he bore Bidwell, and the love he had of annoying him was only matched by Bidwell's dislike for the young apprentice. So he had taken it just to make him mad. But he had not expected to overhear what he did, and now he hardly knew what to do. If he told Mr. Stubble about it he would at the same time admit that he had disobeyed his positive orders in going with the tub at all, and

so he brooded over it the remainder of the day. Bob walked out that evening into a park near Mr. Stubble's residence, bright with lights and gay with people enjoying the cool of the night air, and presently took a seat, still with this subject uppermost in his mind. Presently an old man came along with one hand on his back and the other grasping a reliable cane. He was a sort of a shabby genteel old man; one who had evidently seen better days—a long time ago, and yet there was an air of respectability about him that made him seem a gentleman in spite of his battered hat and shiny coat. Bob had known him for a year or more as "Daddy Down."

"Hello, Daddy!" said Bob, kindly, so kindly that the old man stopped in front of the seat on which he sat and looked at him.

"Who are you?" asked he.

"Bob; come and sit down."

"Oh, it is my young friend, Bob. How do you do? I am glad to see you," said he, going up and offering his hand.

"Oh, first rate—and you?"

"Only so-so. Rheumatism has got the best of me, I fear," he replied, with a sigh.

"That's too bad. Where do you live, Daddy?"

"Oh, in a little hut down here on a wharf. I get my rent for nothing and occasionally a light job of work to do that helps me along, and when the evenings are pleasant I come up here to the park where I used to sport when a boy," he added, brushing away a tear.

"Is that so? And have you no friends?"

"No. I am alone in the world. But I was not always so. Once I was well off in the world of credit. I held a responsible position, but I had a false friend. He knew I had a few thousands saved up, and in a most artful way managed to get me to indorse his note to the extent of all I was worth, and then forged my name to a draft on my employer, who, knowing my ability to pay, honored it, and the rascal escaped with his plunder. Well, my employer for some reason or other turned against me. I proved to him that the signature was a forgery, but he seemed loath to admit it. Finally, when he found that my money had all gone by the same rascal, he accused me of complicity with the rogue to obtain this money from him. This was too much for human nature to bear on top of the misfortunes I had encountered, and we quarreled. I offered to pay him back a little at a time out of my salary, and this he finally accepted. But all the years it took me to do this found him my enemy still, and when the debt was finally and honestly discharged, he discharged me in a sullen way, refusing to give me a certificate of character that would enable me to get another position."

"That was tough. Why, he must have been a darned old hog?" said Bob, indignantly.

"Yes, so he was. But he got the idea into his head that I was a party to getting that money, and that my working to repay it was only a clever dodge to make myself solid for future work in the same direction, and so he regarded himself very smart in discharging me before I had a chance."

"I'll bet he was a Scotchman," said Bob, with sudden energy.

"Yes, he was."

"I thought so."



"Well, I wandered away from his employ a broken hearted, dispirited man. I foolishly took to drink to drown my troubles, but they grew instead of diminishing."

"Yes, whisky is a bad medicine," said Bob.

"You are right, my young friend, and I hope you never will be foolish enough to try it."

"Well, go on with your story."

"But how can it interest you?"

"Why not?"

"You who have youth, position, ambition, hope for your mainsprings, what interest can you have in a burned-out candle? But I will gratify and confide in you. What I have been speaking of happened ten or twelve years ago. I lost ambition, for I never had the spirit that a man should have who takes up arms against the world to fight his way through it, and went slowly, slowly down until I took up with the shanty where I am to-day. I had sunk out of sight of the friends who once flattered me, and was glad of it. I did not care to see a human face I had ever seen before."

"But how about the duffer who robbed you. Didn't you want to see him?" asked Bob.

"Wait, I am coming to that. For several years I was wholly indifferent."

"There's where you are dead wrong, Daddy. You should have followed him to the earth's end and got hunk."

"You might have done so, but mine is a more despondent nature."

"Oh, they're no good," said Bob, suddenly.

"I guess you are right. Well, after a time I began to brood upon it. I began to think what an interesting ass I had been all the while, and gradually my spirit grew."

"When it was too late."

"Yes, I resolved to be revenged long after I should have done so—after the best opportunity had been lost, but that desire for revenge, my young friend, is very, very strong to-day. I feel that revenge is all I have to live for now."

"Who was that duffer that beat you?"

"Who was he? God help him if I ever lay hands on him! His name was Dank Beattie."

"Good Heaven, Daddy, I know Dank Beattie!"

"You do?" asked the old man, in surprise.

"Yes, and it was the thinking of him that brought me out here this evening. I have lately dropped on a murderous snap of his in connection with another man who employs him to do the job, and here is a chance for you, Daddy, to get hunk by watching him. What do you say?"

"I will do anything for revenge."

"Well, then, here you are. I will give you all the points I have to work on and what others you make will depend upon yourself," and finding the old man eager for it, he proceeded to give him all the particulars so far as he knew regarding the proposed murder.

"What do you say!" he then asked.

"I'll follow him to death," said the old man, with uncommon energy.

"You will want a little money. I haven't much, but there are three dollars for you, and I will try to get you more when that is gone, provided you make it go a good ways. Now take up the trail in the morning and let's see what you can do."

"You shall surely know," said the old man, firmly, as they parted for the night.

## CHAPTER V.—In Search of the Strange Woman

Bob seemed to have infused new life into the old man, Daddy Down, and he went eagerly to work to get upon the trail of Dank Beattie and find out who the mysterious woman was whose life was to be sacrificed at the instigation of Herman Bidwell. The old man haunted South street and the vicinity of Bidwell's store like a shadow, his first object being to see Dank Beattie, and he knew he would never be recognized by him, so greatly had he changed since last they met. In the meanwhile, Bidwell had been lulled somewhat, both by Beattie's assurances and the fact that nothing had yet come of Bob's joke. But he vowed to take vengeance on the impertinent joker, even to the extent of sending him to prison as soon as the other business was attended to.

But Daddy Down was somewhat off in his endeavors to find Dank Beattie, for he never took it into consideration that he might do his business in disguise, which was the fact. The next night Bob was sauntering up the street, for he was waiting for his fellow apprentices, Charley Aken and Tom Brown to take a swim. They were to have met him an hour earlier than it was, but for some reason or other they were late.

"Where can those fellows be? Can't be they have wilted this hot night? But I shan't wait much longer before I take a header all alone by myself. Hello! what have we here?" he mused, as Policeman Jabber, whom he knew well, came toward him with a very drunken man whom he was obliged to steady and pull along. "By gracious, it is poor old Bung! I must try and get him out of this," he added, retiring to the shadow.

"Come on here, you old bum! I'll teach you better than to get drunk on my beat. Come on!" and he touched him up with his club. "I'll have you to understand that I don't tolerate anything of the kind, and my captain upholds me."

"Hello, Jabber!" said Bob, walking out of the shadow that had hidden him. "Drunk, again, Bung, or is it the same old one you have been wrestling with?"

"Shame old drunk, Bob. But I'm goin' ter swear off," said he, thickly.

"Yes, you will when you die," said Jabber. "Help me walk him to the station house."

"Oh, come, Jabber, let up on poor old Bung, for a fellow-feeling should make us wondrous kind."

"I'll be hanged if I do!"

"Only you can hide more than Bung can," said Bob, laughing.

"Bung's drunk," muttered the unsteady fool.

"Well, you look it. Say, are you going to help me take him to the station house?" asked Jabber.

"No—I'll be hanged first! The poor fellow probably hasn't a cent——"

"Not a red!" put in Bung.

"I say, Jabber," Bob said, suddenly. "There's a chap with a white apron on standing in the door over yonder. Got something in his hand."

"Eh? Oh, yes, it's Billy Forbes. He said he



would have a nice lemonade for me when I came around this time. Just watch my prisoner for a moment, for I am nearly dying with thirst," and he started across the street.

"Now, Bung, you want to paddle home just as fast as your jag will let you. Come, brace up and come this way," said Bob, taking him by the arm and leading him in the direction of the Fulton ferry.

"Shay, Bob, len' me ten chents."

"No, sir. You'd only get two more drinks of vile whisky with it. I'll give you a quarter if you give me your word that you will go and buy something to eat with it and then go home."

Bung nodded yes and he got the quarter and started away. As might have been expected, Jabber apparently forgot all about his prisoner, and continued his beat, swinging his club in a happy condition of mind, while Bob went to the appointed place to see if his friends had come. He found them very much out of breath, having run to a fire, which occasioned their being late. So it was agreed to wait until they got cooled off somewhat before going to swim, and while they sat down on the steps of a store Bob related his snap with the policeman. After a rest they started down the wharf to take their swim.

It was a lovely night now that the moon had risen, leaving deep-down shadows on the Brooklyn side of the East river, and silvering the remainder of it clear to the New York shore. It was midnight, and the striking of the bells on the vessels moored at the wharves made pleasant music. From one large American ship came a song they could but pause and listen to, so melodious did it sound on the silent midnight air. Thus ran the song:

"Shipmates, ahoy, your watch is waiting,  
Peaceful the night with morning mating,  
Turn from your bunks—come, messmates,  
arise,  
And rub the yesterday out of your eyes."

From the forecastle:

"Ahoy, ahoy! we come! we come!"

"Arouse, ye mates; arouse, ye hearties,  
Eight bells struck, and now your part is—  
On the deck each sturdy heart is,  
Ever ready for the eightbell watch."

## CHAPTER VI.—Coming Nearer to Business.

Dank Beattie, slightly disguised, as before mentioned, had been looking for that mysterious female three days without getting a glimpse of her that he knew of, and he began to get uneasy.

"I don't believe he ever saw the woman at all. It was his guilty conscience that made him think it was she. As Macbeth says: 'It is the guilty business that informs thus to my eyes.' It is a terrible misfortune to have a guilty conscience to even a sensitive one. A person has got to be pretty near a Christian in order to live happily with such a thing, or it will keep him in hot water all the time. At all events, he mustn't do anything very wicked. I thank my stars I am

not troubled with a conscience of that kind. But either way I can win, for if by chance she should be alive—which I do not believe—by putting her out of the way I get the reward. If she be really dead I will palm off something else on the trembling old fool and thus get it.

"I have always known that there was some dark mystery connected with Bidwell, and that he was anxious to hear of this woman's death, but until now I have thought it was owing to the quiet removal of a woman who claimed to be his wife some years ago, and out of which I made a very handsome thing. But now this other woman, whose name I never knew, suddenly bobs up like a ghost to haunt him, and he demands her death. So much for having a conscience.

"But I am impatient at this delay, for I want to go to the Saratoga races next week, and I want this money to take along. So I will try once more to get upon her trail," saying which he again started out.

That evening Daddy Down met Bob as he came from the shop.

"Ah, I have got on his track, Bob!" he exclaimed, with animation.

"Oh, you have, eh? Well, that's good. What about it, Daddy?"

"Well, I took into consideration what you said about disguise, and this morning I saw a man about his build—the same one I had seen before—come out of Bidwell's office and walk leisurely up the street, looking sharply in the face of every woman he met, and, passing close by him, I saw certain earmarks that convinced me beyond a doubt that it was none other than Dank Beattie."

"Well?"

"I kept him in sight, during which he seemed to be looking at the shipping at the wharves as well as every woman that came along. Finally he seemed to lose patience, and took an uptown car at the Fulton Ferry. I was close enough upon his heels to get upon the rear platform before the car started. I rode as far as he did, all the while feeling as though I could clutch the rascal by the throat, for you must know, Bob, there was no mistake about it now, for while down on one of the wharves he had removed his slight disguise. He rode home."

"How do you know it was home?"

"Because I afterward saw him at one of the chamber windows in his shirt sleeves looking out, and seemingly very much at home."

"Well, perhaps it is. And you got the address?"

"Oh, yes! I have that all right."

"But he does not seem to have found this mysterious woman yet."

"No, but he is evidently looking for her."

"And when he does find her is just when you want to be around, Daddy."

"I know it, and shall try to be there."

"Good! Ta, ha! Be around the neighborhood to-night. The boys and I are coming down to have a swim and some fun with old Jabber."

"All right, my lad. Perhaps you did not know it, but I have walked up and down South street every night at different times these many years. It is my pleasure promenade when the iron wheels of industry and commerce cease to clang and rattle over the pavements, when all have gone save those as poor as myself. Then I love to walk



here—to gaze on the shipping, on the cold iron doors and shutters, and think how many fortunes have been beaten out of human hearts, how many risen, how many fallen.”

“That’s all right, Daddy, but I haven’t got time to listen to it all now. I’m hungry. Some other time, Daddy. Ta, ha!” and away he bounded with the spring of a colt, while Daddy went to his lonely home to rest and partake of the very humble fare which he had purchased with a few pennies.

The next morning Dank Beattie was again on the lookout for his victim, and Daddy Down was again his shadow. It was about noon when Dank was startled a trifle at seeing a rather poorly dressed woman in faded black standing on the wharf, as if looking for someone. He at once walked down the wharf, while Daddy Down kept him in sight by going to another not over one hundred feet away. Dank Beattie assumed the action of a man looking around to gratify his curiosity, and had approached within a few yards, when she slowly turned her pale face toward him. He started as though scorched by a flame, and although she did not seem to notice him, he kept his eyes on her wan face.

It was the same woman he had seen in the lunatic asylum, whose death he had reported to Bidwell, the only person who seemed to take an interest in her, and that a wicked one. But how greatly changed she was! Not that she looked even so haggard as when he saw her last, or so near death’s door; she looked healthy but corpse-like, and it was plain to be seen that she was not yet in the full possession of her senses, although harmless in all respects. All this Dank Beattie saw and settled in his mind before removing his eyes from her face, and then seeing her move slowly down the wharf, he followed her carelessly.

“Yes, by Jove, it is she indeed!” and the old man was right. “She looks as though she was going to commit suicide by jumping into the water. I wish she would, for that would settle the whole business without endangering my neck, and I could easily convince Bidwell that I assisted her at her final bath.”

Approaching near, he spoke to her, and this convinced Daddy Down that he had found his intended victim at last.

“Are you waiting for anybody?” he asked her.

She turned to him with a startled look, and then went away again without answering him. But Dank was not to be bluffed.

“If you are looking for anybody, perhaps I can be of assistance to you,” he said.

“No, he will come,” she said, with a sigh, and moved slowly onward again.

“Your sailor boy?” he asked, giving a guess.

“Yes, my sailor boy. He will be here to-day.”

“Ah, I know what you mean. His ship will be in to-night,” said Dank, at the suggestion of a villainous thought.

“To-night?” she said, eagerly, as she turned her large eyes full upon him.

Yes, they were large and full, but the light of intelligence was not in them.

“Yes—at midnight he will be here.”

“Then I will come again,” she said, and then without another word or look behind her, she walked slowly up to South street, and thence to

Fulton street, followed by Beattie, and he in turn by Daddy Down.

“Now, whether she will remember to come here or not is a question, for she is somewhat off her base yet. I must find out where she lives. If she does come down—a quick shove, and the business is done, while I escape in the darkness. But I must lure her to a darker wharf, if possible, for there are too many electric lights around here.”

He was afraid she would take a horse car, but she did not, and walked slowly up the street, sometimes gazing in the show windows, and seeming much more rational than when in the presence of shipping. He followed her up to East Broadway, where it afterward appeared she lived with a charitable old woman of some means, and had taken a fancy to her on account of her forlorn condition, giving her a home for the little assistance she could be to her, she being an invalid herself and confined to her room. Dank made sure of all these facts before he left the neighborhood, while Daddy Down satisfied himself that this was without doubt the intended victim. Without loss of time he hurried to tell Bob all about it.

“Good for you, Daddy! Now you are getting a little nearer to business. Tell me what sort of a looking person she is.”

Daddy Down gave him as good a description of the mysterious woman in black as he could, but he had, of course, heard none of the conversation that had passed between her and Dank. He only judged that something had been said between them down on the wharf.

“Well, that’s all right. Who she is will be known sooner or later. Now, what you want to do is to watch that house on East Broadway, for there is where future action will take place. Not to-night, maybe, but you want to have your eye on it all the time. Hire a room opposite it if you can’t find a good hiding place. Here’s a fiver to help you out in case you need it. Boss gave me two of them for my birthday. Nice old man is Stubble.”

“Is this your birthday, Bob?”

“Yes—twenty to-day. See that medal? Got that to-day from the Humane Society for saving the life of that kid at the fire. Remember?”

“Yes, and you deserve it, Bob.”

“Well, I’ve got it, and I hear old Jabber is as mad as a wet hen. But good-by, Daddy. The game is in your own hands now.”

“Yes, Bob, and I’ll work it.”

## CHAPTER VII.—A Midnight Sensation.

Early that evening Daddy Down took up a post on East Broadway, nearly opposite the home of the mysterious woman, where he could see without being seen, and lighting his old black pipe, sat down on the head of a barrel, and was prepared for what might take place. The house, a two-story old-fashioned one, was entirely dark in front, and it was evident that whoever lived there occupied the rear. He waited and watched, but there was no sign either within or without. He expected to see Dank Beattie prowling around, but there was no sign of him. The hours fol-



lowed each other slowly along, the passers on the street became fewer, and one by one the shops were darkened, and the pulse beat of the day's labor was nearly stilled. The clock on a neighboring church clanged from the bell with its rusty throat the hour of eleven.

"Ah, he will soon be here now if he is coming at all to-night," said Down, and after gazing up and down the street he proceeded to fill his pipe to smoke another half hour away.

But he had scarcely lighted it when he saw the black figure of the mysterious woman gliding noiselessly from the front door of the house and start briskly downtown. What to make of this he did not know. She might be going on an errand, but the hour was late, and he could scarcely believe it. Yet he resolved to follow her and not lose sight of her for a moment. It was a dark night on the rivers, but there were floods of light at different points. Such as where the wonderful structure of the Brooklyn Bridge hangs its vast proportions in mid-air, far above the roofs of houses, and holds its fringe of electric lights like a flaming crown of triumph to reflect its majesty in the running tide of the East river that gurgles far below.

Yes, these and other jets of harnessed lighting make bright spots in the darkest night that ever falls upon New York. The night was sultry and the light spots made it seem all the more, so accustomed are we to associating light and heat. It must have been nearly midnight when Officer Jabber struck his tenth side door drink, and by this time he was feeling the heat, fearfully, both from without and within. But he knew where the cools spots on his post were as well as the warm ones, and so he stood with unbuttoned blouse, hat in hand, enjoying the breeze that came up from the river.

"Whew! I hope there won't anything happen to-night," he muttered. "It's too hot. And yet they say people do more devilry in hot than in cold weather. Can't understand it. And so that Bob Strubble, or Bob, the waif, got the Society's medal, did he? Well, I can't get 'em all, I suppose, but I'd like to get one. I had an idea of going up through that building myself, but it looked a trifle too hot. In fact, he had to jump down on the next roof in order to escape. But I will continue to hate him all the same, con-found him. Ah! who comes here?" he asked, as he heard some merry voices laughing further up the street.

"So many people out to-night because of the heat, and I'm rather glad of it, if they only behave themselves. My beat doesn't get so confounded lonesome as it does on cooler or unpleasant nights. Hello, Charley," he added, as a person appeared at the side door of a saloon.

"Same?"

"No, make it a big, cool sour," said he, in an amiable tone, and the man came back. "A fellow like you can't keep his temper, it's his and mine, the temper and the sour," and Charley, in a moment, he received a large glass and proceeded to partake of another glass of a palatable beverage. "That's a nice one," said Charley, retiring.

"Well, I'll be say so," and he mopped his forehead with his handkerchief.

"Hello, Jabber! Haven't got over that case of cholera yet, I see," said Bob, who in company with his fellow apprentices, just then appeared upon the scene.

"Oh, you be hanged. What are you fellows prowling around for at this hour? Mind you, Bob Stubble, or whatever your name is, I don't regard you as any too honest, and if I hear of any crooked work on my beat, I'll arrest you on suspicion, and at all events take a little of the shine off that medal that you wear so proudly."

"That's good of you, Jabber, old boy. I always knew you was a friend of mine. But let me give you a tip—we are out for crooked work," replied Bob, seriously.

"Oh, I wouldn't be surprised at all. You are getting along altogether too fast for a cooper's apprentice."

At that instant there was a wild shriek down the wharf, followed by a splash and a cry of "Help! help!"

"Ah! what's that?" exclaimed Bob. "Somebody overboard? Now for a swim that isn't against the law," and he started down the wharf like a deer, closely followed by his companions.

Jabber heard the cry and saw Bob run in the direction of it, as he started to do.

"Confound the fellow's luck. I'll bet he gets another medal. Throw him overboard and he would come up with a fish in his mouth."

By this time several sailors and watchmen in the neighborhood were hurrying to the spot, but Bob was there ahead of them. The roundsman heard it and was quickly on the scene, but not ahead of Jabber.

"Arrest that man!" cried Daddy Down, pointing to a figure that was stealing away in the darkness and excitement. That was enough for Officer Jabber, for he was bound to get some of the honor out of what was going on. He made a bound for him, but the figure fled fleetly toward South street.

"Stop or I'll shoot!" cried Jabber.

But he heeded not the warning and sped on, only to run right into the powerful grip of the roundsman who was coming upon the scene. Bob meanwhile, had thrown aside his hat and coat and plunged into the dark turbulent waters that went surging past the end of the wharf. After rising to the surface and looking eagerly around he at once understood that a body must be carried with the tide, and he at once struck out down stream. He had not taken many strokes when a dark body rose slowly from the water nearly a rod ahead of him, but before he could reach it he saw an arm raise for an instant and then it disappeared again. Fortunately a light from the bridge above flashed down upon the spot, making the water semi-luminous for some distance beneath the surface, and arriving there, he dove down ten or fifteen feet before he caught it. But he finally succeeded, and with it rose slowly to the surface, somewhat exhausted, and for a moment unable to do more than hold the head of the nearly drowned person above the water.

"Hello!" he shouted, as loud as he could, for he knew that he must have drifted quite a distance from the wharf.

"Hello," came from two sailors in a boat, who were pulling aimlessly around in the dark.



"Help!"

"Ay, ay!" they replied, and getting the boat around, a few sturdy pulls brought it close alongside.

"Bully for you? Lend a hand and help take the woman into the boat," said he, breathing hard.

"You bet we will. Steady there," and upshipping their oars, the two sailors reached down and pulled the seemingly lifeless body of the woman into the boat.

They placed it tenderly in the stern and then assisted Bob in also, after which they took up their oars and rowed back to their ship. The excitement had by this time become intense on the wharf, and all sorts of questions were asked regarding the young man who had thus risked his life to save another's. Jabber had in the meantime, by command of the round-man, telegraphed for an ambulance. A dozen sturdy hands helped them on shore, where Bob received a cordial greeting.

"Who is he?" asked a reporter, attracted to the spot by the midnight sensation.

"Bob, the apprentice!" said Charley Aken and Tom Brown, proudly.

#### CHAPTER VIII.—That Midnight Meeting.

Dank Beattie felt sure of his position, to a certain extent, after he had found his intended victim and located her, for if she forgot her midnight appointment to meet her "Sailor Boy" he still knew where to find her, and felt sure that he could operate at his leisure in putting her out of the way.

It was some time before she arrived with the astonished Daddy Down in her wake. He had followed her from home, it will be remembered, without the slightest idea of where she was going, or coming, for that matter, so long as he kept her in sight. But when he saw her making toward the same wharf where he had seen her first, increasing her pace as she neared it, as though urged by some anxiety, he was thoroughly astonished, and for the first time suspected that Dank Beattie had induced her to come during their short conversation. So when he saw her steal along in the shadows, and turn down to the deserted wharf, he secreted himself behind some old horseheads to see what would happen. But she went so far down that he lost sight of her in the darkness, and so he crept cautiously along until within a few yards of where she was standing, looking down the river.

Presently he saw a figure emerge from the shadows further down and approach her. It did not look like Beattie, but he felt that it must be him, and he pressed his hands over his heart as if to check its tumultuous beatings. He spoke to her, and he could hear his words:

"You have come to meet your sailor boy?"

"Yes, oh, yes! Will he come?" she asked, eagerly, for she seemed to recognize Dank as the person who had promised her a few hours before that she should that night meet her sailor boy, for whom he had waited and watched so long.

"He is coming. Step right this way and you can see his ship just coming into the river."

He had led her to the stringpiece at the lower

end of the wharf, where it was dark and still, save the gurgling of the swift tide below. She eagerly sprang upon the stringpiece to look in the direction he pointed. There was a light on the Brooklyn side between them and Daddy Down which enabled him to see them in outline. The moment she stepped upon the log he saw Beattie give her a push, heard her scream as she slashed into the water, and then gave those shouts for help which so quickly brought Bob and others to the rescue. Finding someone near enough to him to realize what had happened, Beattie crept along on his hands and knees by the side of the stringpiece in his effort to escape. But the old man never lost sight of him, and urgently demanded his arrest, as already narrated.

The ambulance took away the seemingly dead body of the strange woman to Bellevue Hospital, and then began a march for the police station, Dank Beattie being in charge of the roundsman, while Jabber was sent back to his post, greatly, however, to his disgust. The captain was at his desk as the roundsman brought in his prisoner, followed by the crowd that contained several reporters. Beattie had managed in the darkness and excitement on the wharf to drop his disguise so that it should not tell against him.

"Well, what is this, roundsman?" asked the captain, as they stood before him.

"Assault with intent to kill. This man pushed an unknown woman into the river, and she has been taken unconscious to Bellevue Hospital."

"It is false. I was simply there as a spectator, just as dozens of others were, when arrested," protested Dank Beattie, energetically.

"It is true; I saw you do it and caused your arrest," said Daddy Down, stepping forward.

"Who are you?" demanded Dank, contemptuously.

"Jonathan Down, the man whom you called of all he had ten years ago, villain!"

Dank Beattie started as though stung, but with an effort he recovered himself.

"It is a lie, and I have the proofs. I got on the track of your intended murder, followed you day and night, and your conviction for this crime shall be my revenge," said he, dramatically.

"Come, come, no more of this here. What is your name?" asked the captain.

"Frank Curtis."

"No, captain, it is Dank Beattie, and I am not the only one here who knows him. Ask Bob Stubble who rescued the woman," said Down.

"Ah, Bob, you here?" asked the captain, looking over the throng in front of the desk.

"Yes, and Daddy Down is right," said Bob, coming forward.

Without taking any further notice of what Dank said, the captain finished putting down his pedigree in the blotter, together with the charge.

"Search him!"

"I protest," said Dank.

"Well, it won't do any good if you do."

And it didn't. The officer took from him a silver-mounted revolver of the bullseye pattern, several hundred dollars in money, a diamond, and several articles of jewelry.

"I say, Dank," said Bob, as he was being taken past him, "you slipped up on that five thousand dollar snap, didn't you?"



Dank frowned savagely upon him, and with a terrible curse, he was hurried downstairs.

"You be at the tombs to-morrow by nine o'clock, Mr. Down," said the captain.

"Oh, there is no fear that I will not be there, if I am alive, and I will cling to the villain until the walls shut him from the world he has so long contaminated," said he, firmly.

"You did well, Daddy," said Bob.

"And you did better, my boy."

"Yes, if the woman lives."

"Who is the woman, anyway, Bob?" asked the captain.

"That is a mystery, cap, that may be cleared up later on. Suffice it to say that I overheard a plot to kill some woman, and learning how Dank Beattie had robbed this poor old man, and left him an outcast almost, I put him on the trail. A part has come out—the rest will later on."

"Did you know the attempt on her life was to be made to-night?"

"No; I never had the slightest idea of it. But Daddy tells me that Dank and this woman, whoever she is, met this forenoon on the same wharf, and that he afterward followed her home, as did I. I told him to watch the house in which she lived, for I felt certain that he would operate there. He did so, and about eleven o'clock she came out and went directly down to the wharf, where it appears Dank was in waiting for her."

"Well, it's the strangest story I have heard of in many a day. But how did you happen to be there as to pick up another medal?"

"Well, to tell the truth, cap, we three went down there to steal a swim. Jabber said he would arrest us if we did, and while we stood talking we heard a scream, and cries for help, and as I rushed down, jumped into the forbidden water, and after a hard struggle succeeded in rescuing her, but whether dead or alive, remains to be seen."

"But you are a good one, and no mistake, and will secure the medals you get. I will telegraph to the hospital and see if I can learn anything about her condition," said he, going to the instrument, while Bob took off his shoes and dried the water from his clothes.

After the instrument had ticked for some time the doctor returned to his seat.

"She is alive, but still insensible, and they hope to bring her around by morning. She has a bad cold, and he probably struck her with a strong wind, or she might have fallen against something in the water," said he.

This being ascertained, Bob and his friends left the captain gratefully and started for home, leaving the station house as still as a tomb.

The next morning papers were full of the most sensational sensation on South Street, and the details of all attempts to commit murder, while Bob Stubble, the waif, came in for a full share of honor for his brave conduct in saving the woman's life. The names of all the parties were given, and every reporter dwelt longly upon the mystery surrounding the woman. I say longly, for they saw the possibilities of further articles on the subject, and this, of course, interested them. As for Dank Beattie, none of them knew him as a person, and he was a completely unknown record, and the general

opinion seemed to be that she was somebody whom he had cast off and whom he had found in his way.

It was a rational conclusion to arrive at, and they made the most of it, showing him up in the darkest colors, not making him out worse than he was, but worse than they actually knew him to be. The story made a sensation wherever it was read.

Bob did not rise early the following morning, for it was late before he went to bed, and later still before he closed his eyes to sleep, so full of sensations had the night before been. Mr. Stubble, however, was astir at his usual early hour, for he always made it a point to read his morning paper before breakfast. On this particular morning he had ready only a few articles before the heading:

#### "A SENSATION ON SOUTH STREET."

attracted his attention. He read until he came to Bob's name, and then he got confused and began to read it all over again—only to get muddled up the more.

"Lord save us? What is this? What has our Bob been mixed up in now? I should have put a stop to his going out nights long ago. Let me see," and again he commenced to read.

Bracing himself for the effort, he finally managed to get through with the account, after which he ran upstairs to show it to his wife.

"What is it?" she asked.

"Why, there was an attempt to murder some poor woman down on the wharf last night by pushing her into the water. An alarm was raised, the villain arrested, and who but our Bob, who happened to be near, should leap into the water and rescue her? Here is all about it here in the paper," said he excitedly.

"Brave boy, it was just like him," said she, taking the paper and going downstairs.

"I'll just show that to Mr. Bidwell and see what he has to say about Bob now."

"No need of that, Mr. Stubble. He will be sure to see it soon enough," said Bob, who had come downstairs in the meantime.

#### CHAPTER IX.—"My First Attempt To-Night."

Herman Bidwell was early at his office as usual. He unlocked the front door, it being on a level with the sidewalk almost, and then proceeded to let air and light into the dingy place. This had been his custom for years, and the porter never interfered with it, or even swept out the place unless he was present. Then he went to his letter-box on the inside of the door, unlocked it, took out a few letters and a morning paper. These he threw upon his desk for future investigation, his eye having caught sight of a scrap of paper with writing on it. Adjusting his glasses, he read as follows:

"I make my first attempt at night, but with either success or failure you will be sure to hear."

"D. B."



"So he has commenced at last, has he? Well, he cannot be too successful to suit me, nor too quick, either. But I suppose I shall hear from him to-day," he mused, as he opened the three or four business letters that were part of the morning mail.

This done in the most methodical manner, he placed them under a paper-weight for future attention and took up his morning paper.

"His first attempt last night, eh?" he muttered, and then after reading the note again he tore it into minute fragments and threw them away, at the same time glancing around to make sure that he was not observed by anybody, for it made him quite nervous."

He always read the commercial news first, for he was more interested in that than in politics or local or general news. Suddenly he started, grew pale, wiped his glasses hurriedly, and read again:

#### "ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION ON SOUTH STREET."

and other headlines, which gave the gist of the story quite lucidly. The old merchant threw a look at his hand, gasped for breath, and finally poured out a tumbler of brandy, which he drank at a gulp to steady his nerves. Then with trembling hands he took up the paper again and read the account clear through without removing his eyes from the lines. Then he leaned his head upon his hand, and for a moment succumbed to a dizziness, while everything seemed black before his eyes. It was two or three minutes before he could rouse himself and even then his senses swam, and he seemed to have no control of his head at all.

"He tried and he lost," he whispered. "Oh, that the last throw should have failed me! Yet they do not know her name, and possibly never will, for the report says that there is little likelihood of her recovering. Heaven must hate me, and has given me all these long years of rope to hang myself with at last. Is it retribution? Yes, it must be. But how has it been brought about? Let me think. 'His movements were watched,' said the account. Why by—the police? I should say not, for it speaks of an old man named Down, who denounced him to the police and caused his arrest.

"And that rascally boy of Stubble's, to think that he, above all others, should be there to rescue her! It is dreadful, but not a breath has fallen athwart my name yet, and Beattie assures me that in any case I am safe. That, of course, depends upon him, and he must have bail or money for his defense, or I would not trust him, although he could have no possible object save revenge for his own misfortune. He will probably be held in heavy bail. This I can furnish through another party, and he can escape from the country, the bail forfeited and there is an end to the whole matter. Oh, money will do it," he added, rubbing his hands.

That morning there was a great crowd at the Tombs, for the accounts in the papers had aroused a great deal of curiosity to know more of the case. About the usual number of people were

ing for the judge to do this, Bob and his boss, together with Mr. Down and several others, entered the room. All eyes were centered upon Bob, much to his disgust, for he hadn't gone there to pose as a hero, but simply to assist old man Down in case he needed it. Finally the case was called, and Dank Beattie was placed at the bar.

"Ah, I remember you very well. Your name was George Bruce when you were up before me last for bunco-steering. Going from bad to worse, are you? Well, that's the way with crooks."

Dank gazed in another direction, and took not the slightest notice of what was said.

"You are charged with willfully pushing an unknown woman off the dock last night, intending to murder her by drowning. What have you to say?"

"Not guilty," he replied, doggedly.

Jonathan Down was sworn and told his story, which was corroborated by both policemen. Bob was only called upon to testify to the cry to which he responded, noticing the prisoner skulking along by the stringpiece on his hands and knees, for he did not intend to tell of the conspiracy which he had overheard until he could reach the ear of the district attorney. But there was evidence enough, and the prisoner was held to await the result of the injuries he had inflicted upon his still senseless victim. That settled the bail; there would be none taken. Had the woman recovered consciousness and the doctors held out hopes, then he might have been bailed, but now he was remanded back to prison to await the crisis. The worst of it was that Daddy Down had to be shut up in the House of Detention as a witness. Mr. Stubble offered to go his bail, but the judge explained that he would be much safer there than where members of Beattie's gang could get at him, as they were known to be a very bad lot.

Herman Bidwell waited for an afternoon paper with greater impatience than he had ever waited for one before. The next chapter of the story was told as just narrated in these lines. There was no bail to be given until the fate of Dank's victim became known.

"But I must send my lawyer to him. He must have words of cheer and consolation under the circumstances, although I wish that both he and she were dead," he muttered.

So he went to his lawyer, a man who had served him in many crooked business cases, and surprised him by saying that Dank Beattie was a friend of his, valuable in many transactions, such as smuggling, which the lawyer knew all about, although he did not know Dank, and that he wished him to visit him in the Tombs, assure him of his sympathy, and tell him that if the question of bail ever came up he could depend upon him; for him to keep a good heart under any circumstances and that he would see him through if money would do it. The foxy old lawyer thought strange of this; strange that Herman Bidwell

showed such kindness in any one. He had known him many years, but never came upon such a phase of his character before.

But he concluded finally that Beattie must be somehow so mixed up with him in smuggling that he did not dare desert him in his trouble for fear



of being given away. Being an attorney, he managed to see Beattie and to deliver the message, nor was he in the least surprised that he manifested no emotion on hearing it, for it only confirmed his suspicions.

"Tell him I shall prove true as long as he does," said Dank, on parting with the lawyer. "He will know what that means. But tell him also that I believe there is a wheel within a wheel somewhere. Tell him to be very careful how he moves and what he says. In short, tell him this—I fear our compact is known. He will understand that. Tell him I must have three witnesses of some weight who will swear that he went down to the dock that night simply to get the cool breeze; that the woman suddenly appeared out of the darkness; and leaped overboard, and that my arrest was simply a piece of spite on the part of an old enemy who happened to be there and saw a good chance for revenge. If the woman does those witnesses must be obtained; if she lives then it becomes a question of bail."

This message the lawyer took back to his client, who received it calmly, for there was nothing in it he did not expect to hear or that was in any way new to him.

"Sharkey, you must attend to this case, and if it becomes necessary you must procure those witnesses," said Bidwell. "But the woman may recover, and in that case I will see to it."

"It will cost big money to get such trained witnesses as he wants," said Sharkey.

"Never mind; I'll spend thousands to get him

"All right. That is all that is required, and you know well you can depend upon me."

"Yes, yes. Watch every move that is made. He is really got into some trouble with a woman well, really, better than any other person would be, for he is not all alike, and he was followed and threatened by an old enemy for revenge."

"Very likely,"  
"But the sense he has outlined is very much  
must be followed."

"I don't see it as an especially sharp man."

"I don't think there is any need of," and shaking his skinny hand, the latter took his

"Only let her die and I will brave

CHAPTER X.—Bob Makes a Confidant.

That evening, as was his wont, Mr. Sullivan, the publisher of the *Journal*, came out on his front porch to enjoy a cigar and a view of the city, which he had just read before. This was usually his custom of recreation, and he was engaged in this peacefully and contentedly, looking out of his window, until the sound of his cigar rattling against another, with which he was smoking, drew his eye and hand to a neighbor, who was sitting beside him with a clear conscience and a good cigar. But on this occasion there flashed through his mind a thought that was not so comfortable, as he remembered back in his old Kentucky home, where he had spent his years, that he had not yet read his paper. He had read the paper in the morning, but he had not

to the mysterious woman in Bellevue, which stated that she had not yet recovered consciousness, and no idea had yet been formed as to who she was. But the physicians gave it as their belief that a week would decide it one way or the other. And the energetic reporter had gone into the history of Dank Beattie as far as possible, interviewing his pals in the hope of finding some poor creature whom he was anxious to get rid of. All this, however, amounted to nothing, for it was shown that he generally avoided women, and so the mystery deepened. Bob came out after dressing and sat down on the other side of the piazza, but he did not seem to be in his usual mood, and scarcely took his eyes from the toes of his shoes on the balustrade. But he presently brightened up when he heard the voice, mingled with laughter, of Mary Blake, the friend of Pinky, as they were coming down the front stairs to go for a walk, most likely. Bob rose and lifted his hat politely as he took the proffered hand of the beautiful girl.

"Going for a walk?" he asked.

"Yes."

"No, we are going for a prom on the av," said Pinky, who was nothing if not slangy, and down they ran over the steps laughing.

"Be careful of the dew, Pinky. It's a dreadful thing for crimps. Ta ta!"

Even this banter was not in his usual mood, and when they were out of sight he relapsed into his thoughtful mood again, only wishing that Mary Blake was his sister, as thousand of young fellows have done before now when they find one girl nicer than another.

"Robert, I am glad you are not going this evening, for it makes me uneasy," said Mr. Stubble.

"But a fellow wants a little change," said Bob.

"That is true; but you are so reckless that you are continually running into danger."

"Well, never mind. I am going to stay home to-night, at all events, for I want to have a talk with you."

"A talk with me?"

"Yes. Will you share a confidence with me?"

"Why, certainly. Why not?" said the old man, manifesting interest at once.

Bob moved his chair over alongside of his boss, at the same time looking carefully around.

"And you will forgive me for disobeying one of your injunctions some time ago?"

"Well, I don't see why not. I have never known you to do anything very bad yet."

"Well, you know how I hate old Bidwell ever since he kicked me so!"

"Yes."

"Well, when I made that tub for him I took it to his office myself, intending to play some sort of a trick on him."

"Which was very wrong."

"Let us see whether it was or not," and Bob thereupon gave his boss the history of the conspiracy which he had seen and overheard.

"Great God! can it be possible?" exclaimed Stubble, looking closely into Bob's earnest face.

"It is as true as I live, Mr. Stubble."

"He was to receive five thousand dollars for putting a woman out of Bidwell's way?"



"Yes, and the rascal collared a thousand of it as a flyer."

"This you saw paid?"

"I did, for they were back to me and I could peep over the top of the tub."

"And the woman you rescued and who is still insensible at Bellevue must be the one."

"Not the slightest doubt of it. Daddy Down saw him lying in wait for her two or three days, and their last meeting was on that fatal night."

"Who on earth can she be? This disposes of the theory that she was a personal victim of Beattie, but who can she be that Herman Bidwell is anxious to get rid of?"

"That we may never know if she dies; if she should, old Bidwell's money would most likely get them out of the scrape."

"I have never liked Bidwell, for there always seemed to be something about him that was bad and forbidding."

"How long have you known him?"

"Oh, for many years. He was no favorite with his father, and there was a cousin of his, a son of his father's brother, and whom he was exceedingly fond of. But he was a wild blade, and then his uncle, who was also his guardian, and intended to divide his fortune between them, sent him to sea to see if hard work and roughing it would not sober him down fit for business."

"Well, what became of him?"

"It was said that he was lost at sea in a storm. How true that was I never knew, but the crew so reported, and Herman became the heir of all his father's property."

"A bad man for luck," exclaimed Bob.

"Well, wait and see. So certain was old Simon Bidwell after making his will in favor of Herman, that he drew up another, dividing his property according to his usual intention."

"Was such a will good for anything?"

"Yes, for it provided that in case Harry Bidwell, or an heir from his body should appear, this will was to have precedence. Herman knows nothing of this, it being intrusted to the care of a certain well-known judge who drew it."

"Well, what's the matter with this for a romance?" asked Bob.

"It is a very strange story, but undoubtedly the bones of that cousin have been sea-bleached for years."

"But how about the girl he married?"

"On learning of her great misfortune, she went mad and became a charge on the city. But death came to her relief soon after, I have heard. Oh, it is a strange world we live in," sighed the old man.

"Well, what would you advise me to do?"

"Let me think. I should take your story to the district attorney, and he can put all his criminal machinery at work upon it."

"But won't he nab me for an important witness and shut me up the same as he did old Daddy Downs?"

"I think not."

"I am afraid of it," said Bob, shaking his head.

"Well, he is a personal friend of mine, and, to a certain degree, owes his nomination to me, for I have some influence in politics."

"I have just told you the best of the story, I think."

"I am sure you have. I think any report

I might make of him would be listened to with respect. I will see him to-morrow, and state the case to him, and see if he will consent to let you remain at liberty after you have given your testimony. If not, I shall refuse to let you testify until the trial comes off. I think I can arrange it," he added, earnestly.

"Well, all right; but at the same time I would rather go to the House of Detention than fail to get in my work on that old rascal."

"I will see him first thing to-morrow."

That was settled; but for an hour longer did they talk the subject over, examining it in all its various details. But in spite of all their reason or logic brought to bear upon the case, the same mystery still enfolded it. Who was the woman whom Bidwell was so anxious to destroy?

Mr. Stubble said he remembered that Bidwell's father had only two children—Herman and a girl several years younger. It was a great many years ago, but he felt certain that he remembered of her dying. Indeed, she had married a sailor, who, like most sailors, as they are, have wives in every port, and finding out her mistake when it was too late, she gave way and went rapidly to the dogs, finally dying among strangers. This was always a burning sore to her father's heart, and he never mentioned her name thereafter.

"More luck for the bad man, Herman," said Bob.

"Oh, you shouldn't say that, Robert. Bad men seem to have things all their own way at times, but wait for the end."

"Now, might this woman not possibly be this supposed dead sister?" asked Bob.

"It doesn't seem possible, but yet stranger things have happened," mused Mr. Stubble.

"If it should prove to be and Mr. Bidwell recognized her, why, then we can understand why he was anxious to have her removed."

"Yes, but she is not mentioned in her father's will, and he need not fear her."

But any lawyer would take up her case and contest the will for her natural share of her father's property, and he knows it," said Bob.

"Heaven only knows, but I hope she will live to solve the mystery. Well, it is getting my bedtime," he said, getting up. "You are not going away to-night, are you?"

"No. I shall retire before long."

"Good-night," and the fine old man entered the house, leaving Bob alone.

But Pinky soon returned, having finished her promenade, and Bob was instantly ready for chaff.

"Hello, Pinky! Tell Mary Blake I think she is the nicest, handsomest girl in New York," said he.

"I shall do nothing of the kind. She hates you," she replied.

"Not real bad—not enough to make her lame. I guess. Now, Pinky, tell her that I'll give you a real nice cane—very English, you know. Will you?"

"No, Master Impudence, I will not!" said she, flaunting into the house.

"Heigho! If I had told her that she was that, I'll bet she wouldn't have minded. But I'll go to bed, and you'll see I can get on my feet."



## CHAPTER XI.—Still Waiting the Return to Consciousness.

According to agreement, Mr. Stubble went to see the district attorney, and being a man of "influence" in his ward, and one to whom the public prosecutor was much indebted, he did not have to wait long before being admitted to his presence.

"Ah, glad to see you, Mr. Stubble," said the official, seizing him by the hand. "How are you?"

"Very well indeed, thank you."

"Take a seat. To what am I indebted for the pleasure of this visit? Why, it's the first time I have seen you since you helped elect me, and for the part you took in my canvass permit me to return my most sincere thanks," said he, with what seemed genuine earnestness.

"Don't mention it, Mr. Attorney. You know I am one of those old-fashioned roosters who always work for the best man," replied Stubble.

"I believe you. Well, can I do anything for you this morning?"

"Ah, my dear sir, that is just what I have come to find out."

"Indeed! State your case, Mr. Stubble."

"Well, if there was a witness in a very important case—a murder case, say—who was afraid to come to you with his evidence, which you could in no otherwise get, supposing I became personally responsible for this witness, who is only a poor young man, would you take my word or my bond for his appearance whenever you wanted him—would you waive sending him to the House of Detention?"

"Well, I don't know but I would," mused the attorney. "The law requires that they shall be put up, and at the same time there is a large discretion left to the district attorney. It of course depends much on the importance of the case and the character of the witness."

"But would you do this for me?"

"What is the case?"

"It has not reached you yet, the prisoner being held to await the result of her injuries, she having been insensible since her rescue from the East River, curiously enough by the very young man who has this evidence."

"Oh, you are speaking of Dank Beattie, who is held in the Tombs waiting for the woman at Bellevue to die or recover?"

"The very case."

"I have read all about it. Yes, Mr. Stubble, I'll take that brave boy's word alone. Who is he?"

"His name is Robert—what nobody knows. He is generally called Bob, the waif, but often takes my name with my permission."

"Oh, you know him then?"

"I should say I did. He is my apprentice and a member of my family," said the old man, proudly.

"Yes, yes, now I remember reading about it; the same one who rescued the child from the burning tenement house."

"The very same."

"I shall be pleased to meet him."

"Now his evidence implicates another man; a rich man; one you might not suspect, and this

Beattie was only his hireling. With all these explanations will you let him have his liberty, as he dreads the House of Detention."

"I will, Mr. Stubble. Give him a note to me and let him come here to-morrow at ten. It may be some time before his evidence is needed, but it will enable me to secure the principal."

"Thank you, Mr. District Attorney, and my word for it you will never regret it."

"I feel certain of that. By the way, what is the condition of the woman this morning?"

"The papers report that she is breathing very lightly, but still remains unconscious in spite of all the doctors can do."

"Who do you suppose she is?"

"That is a mystery for you to solve if ever the case reaches you."

"As it is bound to do. I'll unravel it if there's any possibility of doing it. By the way, delays are dangerous. Send Robert to me this afternoon at two o'clock."

"Just as well then as any time. Good-day," he said, taking the attorney's proffered hand.

"Dear me, here is another tragic romance to bring to light. If some of our sensational story writers could but see and hear what goes on in this office, he would not have to draw on his imagination at all, and present stranger stories than they do now, groping around for impossible situations and characters. But people will not believe that truth is stranger than fiction," he added, as he sat down to his desk.

His assistants were going and coming all the time for orders and directions concerning the cases they were trying in the different courts, and others called on various kinds on private or public business, all of which he attended to with dignity and dispatch, and yet he could not keep his mind from this particular case. It was the mystery surrounding it that fascinated him just as mysteries exercise such an influence over any one. Later on he went out to lunch, and returned a few minutes before Bob was announced. He was once shown into the great man's private office, and presented Mr. Stubble's letter. The district attorney looked at him with much admiration after he had glanced at the note.

"So you are the young man who recently got the medal from the Humane Society, for saving the life of a child, eh?" he finally said.

"Yes, sir," Bob answered, modestly.

"Take a seat. Well, you are worthy of it, and I guess you will get another for saving the life of this woman," he added.

"Perhaps, if she lives."

"Oh, you would be entitled to it whether she does or not. She was alive when you rescued her. Now Mr. Stubble tell me that you can make additional disclosures regarding this affair, and I have promised him that I will not restrain you of your liberty if you will do so."

"That is kind of you, sir, but since talking with him about that part of the business, I had made up my mind to tell what I knew whether I was locked up in the House of Detention or not," replied Bob.

"Brave boy. What is your full name?"

"Well, I am generally called 'Bob,' but with Mr. Stubble's consent I am called Robert Stubble."



"I understand," said the official, writing. "Now, are you ready to proceed?"

"Yes, sir."

The district attorney touched a little bell and an usher appeared.

"Send Clawson here with his tools."

In a minute or so the man appeared, but Bob noticed that he had no "tools," but only a book and pencil.

"It was the district attorney's private stenographer, and he at once took his place at a desk.

"Take this down. I have the name. Now please proceed. What is the name of the man whom you say is at the head of the conspiracy which may have cost this unknown woman her life, and for which one Dank Beattie is now in prison?"

"Herman Bidwell."

"What, the miser shipping merchant on South street?" asked the attorney, starting a little.

"The same."

"Well, well! Herman Bidwell. Well, proceed and tell your story in your own way," he added, after a moment's pause.

Thereupon Bob proceeded to tell the story as he had told it to Mr. Stubble, although the many questions which the interested district attorney interrupted it with made it a great deal longer than it was in the simple way in which he had told it to his first confidant.

When he had finished the district attorney said:

"Well, that is all now. It is a remarkable story in connection with the mystery which surrounds the victim. You have told it to how many?"

"To no one but Mr. Stubble."

"And don't tell it to anybody else, and warn him against doing so. Don't even make mention of the fact of your having been here. When the case comes up for trial I will use you, but it may be some time yet."

"But Bidwell might get wind of it and skip out!" suggested Bob.

"I will attend to that, my boy."

"I know he is awfully worked up about the way the thing turned out."

"Very likely. 'The thief doth fear each bush an officer,' you know."

"I suppose so," said Bob, smiling.

"Now, remember what I have told you."

"Yes, sir," and the affair being over with for the time being, Bob took his leave. It was a brand new sensation to him, but he was one of those fellows who could readily fit himself into almost any groove.

"Write that out and give it to me," said the district attorney to his stenographer, and after being left alone, he sat back in his chair and mused over the story.

He was also inclined to believe that the mysterious woman was Bidwell's sister, who had unexpectedly returned as if from the dead, and fearing that she might attempt to extort her rights, had sought to put her out of the way and make sure work of it. The case interested him very much, for he had heard of the rich old miserly merchant in various ways, and he at once dispatched one of his messengers to the hospital for the purpose of ascertaining the true condition of the woman and the probabilities

regarding her recovery. Then taking a directory, he looked through it for a moment, wrote some address, and sent for one of his detectives.

"Shadow that man for a few days, but if you see any indication of flight on his part arrest him at once. Report to me every morning," he added.

"Yes, sir," and the detective withdrew.

"I will think the matter over, and perhaps arrest him in the morning. Meanwhile I must see the police justice before whom Beattie was taken."

As he spoke a thick envelope, postmarked Washington, D. C., was placed upon the desk before him.

Two days passed. Herman Bidwell was constantly watched. One day the physician at the hospital had stated that the unknown woman who came from the river would live. Bidwell heard of it and was greatly disturbed. One day a detective entered Bidwell's office and placed him under arrest. Beattie was in a cell in the Tombs just over where Bidwell was placed. Bidwell immediately sent for his lawyer, Sharkey.

And what a meeting it was between lawyer and client.

"I am awfully sorry to find you here," replied Bidwell, harshly. "But what have you learned? How did it come about?"

"Mystery seems to cover every point in this whole business."

"What do you mean?"

"My man at the district attorney's office speaks of some mysterious document from Washington that created a sensation in the office, and although he could not learn the nature of it exactly, he concludes that it had some relation to this case, since your arrest promptly followed its reception."

"A document from Washington? What can a document from there have to do with this case? I am arrested as party to that woman's murder."

"Tell me what relationship does this woman hold to you?" asked Sharkey, suddenly.

"None whatever."

"But you had an object in getting rid of her."

"Who says so?"

"The warrant for your arrest says so."

"It is false."

"That, of course, your lawyer should be reasonably assured of, if he is going to defend you."

"But what is to be done first?"

"You will be held for the Grand Jury."

"But how about bail?"

"Nothing in that way can be done until after and finding of the Grand Jury."

"And I must remain here?"

"Yes, for a few days. The Grand Jury is in session now, and both your case and Beattie's will be acted upon very soon."

"Oh, God, what a position to be placed in," said he, falling into a chair.

"It is very bad, but cannot be helped just at present," replied Sharkey.

"What of Beattie?"

"I have not seen him since he was taken to the morning, but they tell me he is in the hospital."

Bidwell made no reply. He had been reflecting on the situation during the night, and was now too tired to think of anything else. He was sure that Beattie was in the hospital, and that



his blunder had placed him at the head of the tragic conspiracy, and he was as deep in the mud as he was in the mire.

"Going to do anything about bailing him?"

"No, not until after I know more of the situation of things," said he.

"I think it would be best."

"Why so?"

"It would enable him to escape the jurisdiction of the court, and thus prevent his turning against you if he was so minded."

"Well, then, if you say so, I will draw you my note for twelve thousand dollars, which you know is good, and you can procure some person to furnish bail."

"All right," and being always prepared, Sharky produced a blank note, and Bidwell at once proceeded to fill it out.

"There, attend to that, and return to me again as soon as possible."

"I will," said he, placing the note in his pocket-book.

"How soon can you find out after the Grand Jury has acted on this matter?"

"Within half an hour."

"Bring the news to me at once, I have now become hardened, and am even anxious to hear and know the worst."

"Very well. Good-by," and he left the room, and the keeper conducted Bidwell back to his cell.

"I have more than a million, and with Beattie out of the way I can buy witnesses enough to fight my way out of it," he muttered to himself.

Three hours afterward Bidwell was again led down to the reception room, where prisoners meet their friends and lawyers.

"Too late!" exclaimed Sharkey, rising.

"For what?"

"You have both been indicted by the Grand Jury, and the district attorney refuses bail. You will soon be taken before the court in regular form, where you will have to plead to two indictments."

"Two!"

"Yes. I'll see you later," and he shot out of the room.

## CHAPTER XII.—The Words of the Dying Look-out.

It was nearly noon the following day when two court officers called at the Tombs for the indicted prisoners, Herman Bidwell and Dank Beattie, to take them before the court. What they had already suffered seemed to them to be enough, but to be coolly handcuffed together and marched through the streets was almost too much for them to bear. And yet they were thus marched and followed by the usual crowd of loafers and curious people, who seem to delight in the misfortunes of others. For some distance neither spoke, then Bidwell said faintly that it was dreadful.

"What I should say so," replied Dank. "Why was that bail not forthcoming?" he asked, anxiously.

"I was arrested before I could make a move, and then I made arrangements to do so to-day, but they were informed that bail would not be granted."

"I don't know it. I'll have a lawyer after this,

and we'll see whether bail will be taken or not, and don't you forget it," said he, significantly.

"I shall not," was Bidwell's reply.

By this time they had reached the courthouse, that legal beehive whence so many hearts are ever turning, either in hope or by memory. They were finally taken into one of the large court-rooms and placed in a row with other prisoners, who were waiting their turn. But their handcuffs were removed, much to the relief of Beattie, who regarded himself as chained to a greater rascal than he was himself.

"It is all your fault, Bidwell; for, if it had not been for your insane desire to put that poor fool of a woman out of the way, a creature who would never have done you any harm, all this would not have happened," whispered Beattie.

"And if you had done your work well, or even intrusted it to another to do, all this would never have happened," retorted Bidwell.

"Oh, I think somebody had you dead to rights from the very start, and I think it was that boy of Stubble's. I should never have moved an inch in the business after you told me about that card you found pinned to the tub."

"Curse him!" growled Bidwell.

"Oh, yes; it is all very well to curse him, now that he has the drop on us. It is often a dangerous thing to kick a spirit that has been never met. You may hate him," said Beattie, as though he spoke from experience.

While this conversation was being carried on, Lawyer Sharkey was hovering around on the fringes of the crowd, waiting for their case to be called, but keeping out of sight all the while. Other prisoners were being called up to plead on the indictments found against them, and having the amount of their bail fixed, after which they were hurried to the district attorney's office to meet their bondsmen, or back to prison to wait the law's delay. Finally the clerk called Bidwell and Beattie, and the officers conducted them to the bar. The regulation indictment found by the Grand Jury was read to them, charging them with conspiracy to take the life of one Fannie Roe. Such names are frequently used in drawing up indictments and other legal documents, where the real name of the individual is not known as in this instance. Well, the indictment was read by the clerk and they were asked to plead to it.

"Not guilty," they both replied.

"Beattie, you are remanded without bail," said the judge. "Herman Bidwell, the Grand Jury has found a second indictment against you, founded on the affidavit of a dying man, in the presence of the American consul at Rio Janeiro, and in the arms of the priest to whom he had just previously dragged himself for the sake of the final offices of the church. But the priest, knowing his duty, took him before the American consul, where he made the affidavit. It being a case of law and justice instead of religion. The man's name was Thomas Ash."

Bidwell started.

"He was a sailor under you on board the brig Venture."

At this he felt his knees shake.

"You had a mother, a sailor on board, a mother to your father, and between your father and mother property was to be equally divided at



## BOB THE WAIF

his death. One dark, stormy night, as Thomas Ash was acting as lookout, he saw you come from the cabin, seize your sleeping cousin, Harry Bidwell, and in the darkness hurl him into the sea."

At this Bidwell fell all limp on the floor, and there was a momentary stay of proceedings until the officers placed him in a chair and gave him a glass of water. Beattie was regarding him with a sneer, for he had almost known this to be true for years. Presently the judge continued:

"You were a tyrant on board your ship and your men feared you, especially Thomas Ash, and he did not dare denounce you then or at any time since, until death fastened his fangs upon him and roused his conscience, and he determined to confess all before he died.

"This testimony is sustained by an affidavit made by Seth White, another sailor, who well remembers your coming from your cabin and going forward to where your cousin sat asleep, going from his sight, but yet far enough forward to be seen by Ash, although in the darkness you did not see him."

"From this point the clerk will read the indictment found against you on those affidavits," said the judge.

A sigh of relief escaped from all who had been listening to the tragic recital, and quite a crowd had gathered in the court room by this time. Lawyer Sharkey had drawn nearer and stood where he could hear every word. He had always known him to be a bold, bad man, but until this case of murdering the woman, or of attempting to do so, he had made up his mind that Herman Bidwell was bad enough for anything, and so he resolved to have nothing further to do with him, but to retain the twelve thousand dollar note as a retainer, received in the regular way. The indictment which the clerk read was about like usual documents of the kind, and after reading it the clerk asked him:

"Guilty or not guilty?"

The words appeared to fall on the ears of a dead man. He never moved his eyes from the judge and district attorney.

"Not guilty," said he, faintly.

"Remanded without bail," said the judge, motioning them away.

Other cases followed, and a curious crowd also followed the prisoners to the Tombs. On the way Dank Beattie gave vent to reproaches, which he heaped on Bidwell's head like coals of fire. But he scarcely noticed them, and walked with his head down, handcuffed to his partner in crime. The evening papers were treated to another sensation, or, rather, through them the public was treated to one, the whole story of the long-ago murder being given in full. But although Bidwell's first indictment with Beattie was also given, yet not a word was said about the mysterious woman who was slowly convalescing at Bellevue Hospital. Something, however, was reserved for the morning papers. The guard noticed that Bidwell sat on the edge of his cot with a bowed head and in silence for a long time after being released into his cell. But that was nothing, and he scarcely noted it, so many different ways do people put under such circumstances. He remained silent, and after the other prisoners had been let down, he called the guard, and holding a sheet of paper in his hand, asked

him for a sheet of writing paper, an envelope, and pen and ink, and the price being good the order was quickly filled. He wrote slowly and with evident deliberation. And this he wrote:

"To whom it may concern:—When a man reaches the end of his long-concealed rope, he had better hang himself with it. I plead 'Not Guilty' to the murder of my cousin, but I am guilty. Avaricious fiend that I have always been, I removed him, as the lookout stated, and thought myself unseen. I have never yet believed there was a God. I believe so now. I die and leave my ill-begotten gains to—to anybody. The mysterious woman at Bellevue Hospital is Harry Bidwell's wife. Let her have all my money if thought best. I have lived like an avaricious villain. The rest in silence. Herman Bidwell."

Then he addressed the envelope to the Associated Press, and when the guard came around he handed it to him to deliver. Then when he was gone, he took a small crystal of cyanide of potassium from his pocket, and with a terrible effort swallowed it. One minute later he was stone dead.

### CHAPTER XIII.—Something Entirely Unexpected.

The sensation occasioned by the confession and suicide of Herman Bidwell, accompanied as it was by the clearing up of the mystery that had surrounded the woman at Bellevue Hospital, was one of the greatest that ever agitated New York. The newspapers were full of it, and the talk of it was on every tongue. Herman Bidwell was known personally to but few people, although hundreds of others knew him to be a rich, miserly, forbidding man, who sought the friendship of no one but himself. There was a great effort made by the reporters to interview the widow of Harry Bidwell and get the story of her life. But the physicians at the hospital prevented it. The woman was convalescent, but Mrs. Dune was the only person outside of the hospital allowed to visit her. The confession of Herman Bidwell that this woman whom he had tried to kill was the widow of his cousin, whom he had murdered at sea more than twenty years before, confirmed good Mrs. Dune in even more than she had half suspected—that she had once been under her charge when she was the matron of Bellevue Hospital. The announcement positively startled her. She at once consulted with the old house physician, and recalled his mind to certain facts in connection with the woman's first coming there, all of which he well remembered. "In a week from that time Mary Bidwell had so far recovered that she could sit up and walk around, and so far as her mental condition was concerned, it was greatly improved, the doctors said as much from the shock she had endured as anything else. It might have killed her or it might have made her condition worse, they said, but it was nothing strange in medical practice, and she would in all probability entirely recover her reason on account of it. She was now well enough to leave the hospital, but before she did so Mrs. Dune arranged it with the house



physician that a number of friends should meet her in a private room, and this the old doctor the more readily agreed to, because he was greatly interested in the case himself. Mr. and Mrs. Stubble and Bob were particularly requested to be present, as there was something in store for them that could but prove very interesting, and they did not fail to respond. Mrs. Dune and her charge received them in the doctor's private office, he being present. Mary Bidwell was looking quite well but somewhat embarrassed. The strangers were introduced to her, but nothing was said just then about Bob's saving her life. Finally the old doctor spoke:

"My friends, how true it is that truth is stranger than fiction, and the story for which I will vouch that Mrs. Dune is about to relate to you will prove it beyond a doubt, provided a proof were needed."

Then Mrs. Dune began:

"Twenty years ago I was the matron of this hospital, and just before I resigned to take up the position I now hold of matron in the Foundling Asylum, the police brought a woman here who had been driven insane by the loss of her husband.

"This is the woman, and Harry Bidwell was her husband. I did not learn this, however, until she had been here more than two weeks, during which time she gave birth to a boy baby. But she seemed wholly dazed, and not even her baby could detract her from her grief.

"Inquiries were made but nothing could be learned regarding her. A whim seized me one day—I call it an inspiration now. The doctors gave little hope of her recovery, and I thought I would mark both mother and child with India ink in such a way that neither of them would ever see it, and as they would be cast apart on the ocean of life, I might some day reunite them perhaps by the proof mark. The doctor here saw me do it."

"Yes, I remember it very well. You were quite romantic in those days, Mrs. Dune."

"Well, be that as it may, I pricked in the letters 'M. B.' on the underside of her arm, so near the armpit that she has probably never seen them. Have you, Mary?"

"I never have and knew nothing about it," said she, much interested.

"You were unconscious when I did it, but if you will slip off the sleeve of your wrapper, the rest of us can see it if you cannot," and she assisted her by doing so.

True enough, there were the initials.

"Well, I saved the baby the same way, marking the initials 'H. B.' Robert, he grew up and to remove enough of your clothing so he could see under your arm," she added.

Bob was completely dazed and broken up, knowing what he was about, and had it not been for Mr. Stubble he never would have consented into getting to his bare arms.

"Hush!" said Mrs. Dune, leading him forward and holding up her arm. "Can you see the clear initials?" Mrs. Bidwell did not approve, and her face showed it to the boy. I took him with me when I went to the Foundling Asylum. She was afterwards discharged from the Asylum and taken by some charitable person to some pri-

vate asylum where she remained for years. At all events I lost sight of her, and finally regarded her as dead. But I clung to the boy, and gave him the name of Robert, hoping that there might some day be a surprise in store for him, and finally gave him to Mr. Stubble to learn a trade. But had he not saved this woman's life I should never have become interested in her, and you, my dear boy, might never have known that you had saved the life of your mother," said she, taking him by the hand and leading him to her.

Both were greatly overcome by the situation of things, but they were soon in each other's arms, while tears fell from other eyes besides theirs.

"Then I am no longer Bob the waif?"

"No; from this time forth assume your right name, Harry Bidwell," said Mrs. Dune.

On arriving home Mrs. Bidwell was at once taken charge of by Mrs. Stubble, who did everything in her power to make her feel at home, avoiding for the most part any allusions to the sensations of the day for fear of tiring her. As for Mr. Stubble, he could scarcely contain himself. He found Mary Blake there visiting Pinkey, and told them both all about what had come to pass, while Bob retired to his room, utterly overwhelmed, and desirous of pulling himself together before meeting the family at dinner.

#### CHAPTER XIV.—Gleanings.

A happier group never sat around a table than the one gathered around Mr. Stubble's. Miss Blake remained, and under the skillful manipulation of Mrs. Stubble, Mrs. Bidwell was looking well and happy. Her eyes were fixed most continuously upon her handsome son, and she seemed to grow younger as she did so. Nothing was too good for that mother first in the name of the lost and hostess, and the poor wanderer was shown clearly that she was a wanderer no longer. Mary Blake was delighted with her, and even Pinkey seemed to lay aside her foolish airs and indifference, and to become much interested in the stranger. The meal over they retired to the parlor, where Miss Blake played and sang appropriate music, and our hero sat by his mother's side, with Mrs. Dune on the other, and together they went over the outline of his life, and his mother recalled what she could of hers.

"But do not dwell upon it longer at this time; it will only tire you, my dear," said Mrs. Dune, addressing the happy mother. "It will all come back as you grow stronger, and with this noble boy here to lean upon, the future can but be bright and joyous."

At this Mrs. Bidwell threw her arms around her son's neck and drew him close to her heart. It was a new sensation to him, she being the first woman who had ever did it, and that, too, in the presence of others. The next morning the news was all round town, and the motherly society, and even some of the more radical abolitionists, thought it worth a moment's notice. At that time the news, however, was not so much in the public mind as it is now. It was not until some time after that the story was so widely known, and the motherly society, and even some of the more radical abolitionists, thought it worth a moment's notice. At that time the news, however, was not so much in the public mind as it is now. It was not until some time after that the story was so widely known, and the motherly society, and even some of the more radical abolitionists, thought it worth a moment's notice.



fast she was left in charge of motherly Mrs. Stubble—Mrs. Dune having returned to the Foundling Asylum—and Bob went to the shop, glad to get away anywhere, so that he could take a long breath and have a quiet think all by himself.

As for Mr. Stubble, he procured the paper that contained the best account of the whole affair, and took it to old Judge Hornbeam. It will be remembered that Stubble spoke of this old Judge once before as having been the attorney and friend of Simeon Bidwell, who drew his will by which his son Herman inherited the property, but that he, just before his death, had another drawn; a conditional one, for he could not bring his old heart to believe that his favorite, Harry, was really dead. So the judge to gratify him drew up this supplementary and conditional will, promising to retain it in his possession, and make it his last will and testament in case any of Harry's heirs ever appeared. The first disclosure of this woman's being Harry's widow, and Herman dead, made him resolve at once to place the will in the probate court and have the property turned over to her or to her guardians. But the last denouement which he had read just before Mr. Stubble reached him fixed the matter finally; but as the son was not of age yet, the property would have to go to her, in trust for him when he became so. The crime, the strangeness and the romance of it were talked over between the old men for some time, when the judge promised to notify them when they should be present at the surrogate's office to take part in the first preliminaries regarding the property. Yes, Bob (it is hard to call him Harry Bidwell after all this time we have known him) wanted to be alone, and after walking toward the shop for some ways he suddenly concluded that he would be far from alone there, and so he went down on the very wharf from which he had leaped to save whom proved to be his mother, and sat down alone on the stringpiece. He took off his hat and let the cool morning breeze fan his brow, and tried to collect his thoughts.

"I have had wild, romantic, fantastic dreams, and all that sort of thing," he mused; "I have read stories in 'Pluck and Luck' full of wildness and romance, and hang me if I can make up my mind that I am not either dreaming or reading now. It has all been plain matter-of-fact with me up to this time, and now I am jumped right into the center of a romantic drama equal to anything I ever saw on the Bowery. But I'm surely awake and it must be so. I never expected to have any one to love me, much less a mother, and here the poor woman has been wandering and looking around for me all these years, perfectly sane. Well, well, there will be nothing strange in this after this."

He was about to resume his walk when who should confront him but Policeman Jabber, doing his first six hours' patrol duty.

"Bob," he said, extending his big hand, "allow me to congratulate you. I've heard it all."

"Thank you, Mr. Jabber, and only to think of it, if we hadn't been down here chaffing you about your new uniform, it never would have been found out."

"True, Bob, every word. There was the great-

est rescue you or anybody ever made. But you mustn't get stuck up now that you have inherited all this money."

"Oh, I guess not. I shall finish my trade with Mr. Stubble the first thing," replied Bob.

"That's right, that's right. Nothing like having a trade no matter what you have got in bank. What are you doing down here?"

"Oh, I was trying to pull myself together with a quiet think. I'm going to the shop now," and they started up the wharf together.

As Bob walked towards the shop he was not long in finding out that he was the observed of all observers, and right glad was he when the doors closed behind him. But here among his fellow apprentices and workmen, he found himself a hero indeed, for they were all his friends under any circumstances, and now they congratulated him on the great good fortune that the morning papers had told them of. Bob threw off his coat to go to work.

"What!" they all exclaimed.

"That's all right, my friends. Whatever may have happened I shall finish my trade, for nothing can make me prouder than being a good mechanic," said he, earnestly.

So he resumed his work just as if nothing had happened, while the workmen in the shop sent up three cheers for him that startled passengers in the street. Well, there remains but little more to be told, but a few more gleanings. Lawyer Sharkey was the only person who followed Herman Bidwell to the grave, but he had an object in doing so: The twelve thousand dollar note that had been given him to effect the release of Dank Beattie on bail, and which he could not use, it will be remembered, he was shrewd enough to keep, as it was perfectly good, and he could account for it as a retainer fee. It was a vigorous day when Sharkey got left. Dank Beattie made a hard fight, but he got ten years in Sing Sing prison, where he now is. Daddy Down was revenged, and for the part he had played in the drama he was never neglected in his old age. Mrs. Mary Bidwell fully recovered, and the whole property was made over to her in trust for her son Harry when he came of age. And so, after all the vicissitudes, troubles and misfortunes, happiness now reigns supreme, and although our hero is a rich man, he is just the same at heart as when we first knew him as "Bob the Waif."

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Next week's issue will contain "THE WILDEST BOY IN NEW YORK; or, SAVED AT THE BRINK."

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"So you attend Sunday school regularly?" said the minister to little Eve. "Oh, yes, sir." "And you know your Bible?" "Oh, yes, sir." "Could you tell me something that's in it?" "I could tell you everything that's in it." "Indeed!" and the minister smiled. "Sister's young man's photo is in it," said Eve promptly, "and ma's recipe for face cream is in it, and a lock of my hair cut off when I was a baby is in it, and the ticket for pa's catch is here, too!"



## CURRENT NEWS

## GREATEST GOLD MINE

The world's greatest gold mine, located at Timmins, Ont., 500 miles north of Toronto, has an average output of 120,000 tons of ore per month, from which is refined \$1,000,000 worth of gold.

## WHERE SEA IS DEEPEST

The greatest known depth of the sea is said to be 32,088 feet, about forty miles north of one of the Philippine Islands. At this point the ocean bottom would be about eleven and a half miles lower than the top of Mount Everest, the world's highest mountain.

## LAKE ITASCA

Lake Itasca, the farthest source of the Mississippi, is in Beltrami and Cass counties, in the northern part of Minnesota. It was first seen by William Morrison, a fur trader, in 1801, and was

explored by Henry R. Schoolcraft in 1822. It is the first considerable gathering of the farthestmost streams which form the great river; one of the streams which flows into the west arm of the lake being of sufficient volume to have been given the name, "Infant Mississippi." Lake Itasca is a giant among the small ponds around it, but having an area of only 1,130 acres, one and three-quarter square miles. It is composed of a center running east and west about a mile. The width of the lake varies from one-sixth to three-fourths of a mile, its depth ranges from four to sixty feet. The basin in which it lies has been made into a national park containing 20.78 square miles. The so-called "Glacier Lake" of some maps is merely an old bay partially filled up. And its discoverer's claim that it is the true source of the Mississippi has been completely refuted by an investigation made by the State of Minnesota.

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# Breaking The Record

—OR—

## AROUND THE WORLD IN THIRTY-THREE DAYS

By WILLIAM WADE

(A SERIAL STORY)

### CHAPTER VII.—(continued)

"The train is getting up more speed," said Trix, looking back.

"All right, I can do the same. We seem to have plenty of gasoline and oil, and I don't think there is any danger of our giving out for some time yet. They say a good car will beat a railroad train, and I am going to try it. Anyhow, we have a fine level road here, and then I don't need to follow it if those fellows do catch up."

The young Circus was used to handling a car, and this was no joy-ride to him, for he handled it with the greatest of ease, at the same time getting a wonderful amount of speed out of it.

The road was good, as level as a floor and as hard as the rock itself, and they fairly hummed along it, beating the train which was going at a tremendous speed and leaving it farther and farther behind at the end of every verst.

They lost sight of it at times owing to the curves of the road, but whenever they caught sight of it they found that it was farther behind them than ever, while they were increasing their speed, if anything.

"How long are you going to keep this up, Mark?" asked Dick, at length when they had been an hour or more on the road and were still bowling on at a tremendous rate. "To Moscow?"

"If things hold out, I don't see why I should not. The thing that worries me is that I never learned to read backward, and that is the way all these signs are written. Russian is a queer language. It gets a Chinaman's goat for intricacies."

They had passed stations on the railroad, but none of them of any importance, and they did not always run in sight of it, but at length they came to a city, and here as they neared the station they saw a train consisting of an engine and one-first-class coach adorned with the imperial arms and running on the track with them too.

"They have telegraphed ahead to stop us," said Dick. "We can't go any farther."

"That will be all right," said Mark. "Keep quiet, my boy, and let me manage this affair," and then he slowed down and ran up to the station where some officials came forward and bowed very respectfully.

"That's our train," said Mark in a low tone. "They take us for some high mandarin of the Russian government. The train is for them, but I don't know why we should not take it. All is fair in love or war, and we are ready for both, my boy."

Then the cocky young millionaire got out, as-

sisted the ladies to follow and pointed to the train.

He made his way toward it, an official opening the door of the coach, and all went in, Mark making a gesture to proceed at once.

The guard slammed the door, the whistle blew, and in a moment they were rattling over the road at a fine speed, occupying the train solely and traveling like lords.

"Somebody has made a mistake," said Mark, putting aside his gorgeous overcoat, "but we do not have to explain matters, and we are making fine time as well. I don't know if this is Warsaw or not, but I know that we are going some and by the time they find out the mistake we will be a long way on our journey."

They made no stops and saw trains side-tracked to let them pass, and so knew that they were persons of importance or at least were taken for such.

"That swell overcoat did the business; that and the cap," laughed Mark, "and it was a lucky thing for us that I thought of them. Your Russian third section has nothing on me, my boy, and if this cocky individual back there thought he was going to work any third degrees on us he is entitled to other things."

They ran on at good speed, and at last, as it was getting well on toward sunset, they stopped at a large station in what seemed to be a city of some importance.

Here they alighted, and when an officer came forward, saluting respectfully, Mark put his finger on his lips and pointed to a carriage at the roadside.

"Grand Hotel," he said to the driver as his party entered, the officer having kept back the crowd, and in a moment they were rattling away through the city streets.

"There is a grand hotel in every city in Europe," laughed Mark, "and we are sure to find good accommodations. They will take us for swell travelers, and we have no need to keep up this grand dignitary business any longer. In fact, we had best forget it."

"It all seems so strange," said Trix. "Mr. Ildone must think that we are in a great hurry and be trying to stop us, but we have disturbed him and puzzled the government as well. Do you suppose there will be an investigation? The Russian police are great at finding things out, they say."

"They won't find out anything about us, then," said Dick, "but this has been a strange adventure for all that. I wanted to catch Ildone, but we had to get away in a hurry, and our being mistaken for persons of importance was all right as it happened."

They arrived at a fine hotel at last, and here they registered under their own names, showed their passports and were shown to some very fine rooms, dinner being served at eight o'clock, with tea and cakes an hour before just to stay their appetites.

After dinner Mark found that they could take a train that night and be in Moscow the next day in plenty of time to get the train on the Trans-Siberian leaving on Mondays.

(To be continued.)



## GOOD READING

### SMOKE SCREENS USED AS AID FOR PLANES

The smoke screen, long used as a protective device for battleships, now becomes a menace to them, according to authorities of the United States Air Service. A screen spread above a fleet of battleships by special smoke-emitters attached to fast small planes makes it impossible for the approach of the aerial bomb fleet to be observed. This enables the attacking planes to fly low, when with sensitive finders they pick up the doomed battleship by sound, adjust their aim and loose the bomb in safety except for the possibility of a chance shot fired blindly against the pall of smoke by the anti-aircraft guns on the ship below.

It is a strange thing to find the screen employed as a weapon of offense against the very craft which originally produced it as a defensive measure.

### \$10 SHRINKS TO \$4.80 AFTER CIRCLING GLOBE

Ten dollars carried around the world and turned into the currency of each country through which it passes will be discovered to have shrunk during the process when it is turned back into United States dollars at the end of its journey.

Frank S. Gaines, Vice President of the California Corrugated Culvert Company, made the experiment, starting with a \$10 gold note which, after being exchanged into nineteen different currencies, realized a meagre \$3.90 on his return. To this sum, bank authorities say, should be added ninety cents, the interest that the note would have earned at 6 per cent. if it had not been lying idle during the year and a half that made up the trip. This would bring a total of \$4.80.

Mr. Gaines kept the note apart from his expense money and on arriving in London turned it into pounds sterling. His next stop was Amsterdam. Here he exchanged the pounds for Dutch currency. And so on for nineteen moves. Mr. Gaines went to Paris, to Cairo, to Bombay, to the Malay countries, to China, to Manila, to Japan. Sometimes he stopped at a country for a second visit. And at every stop the sum held apart from the rest of his funds was exchanged to the currency of the place at varying rates. His final stop before sailing for home was Yokohama. Here the equivalent of the note became Japanese yen. These yen, valued at 46½ per cent. on his arrival in San Francisco, realized him \$3.90.

Juggling in foreign exchange may be all very well for an indoor sport, but Mr. Gaines has proved that, taken too literally, it becomes a losing proposition. Pounds and francs and guilders; rupees, piastres and yen, ticks, pesos and Straits dollars cannot be jangled at random, he knows, to the advantage of America's yellowback.

### LIVE CATS AT 5 CENTS

When cats become so bothersome that people living within a stone's throw of the waterfront

can't hear the harbor tugs on a foggy night it is a situation that calls for drastic action, so decided the Bowling Green Association, whose residents live on the lower tip of Manhattan Island.

Bowling Green has been suffering from an epidemic of cats, like all other sections of the city, but the fresh sea air down there seems to agree with them and give force to their expression. Lusty night workers, they are, that refuse to be dispersed when the old lady in white comes to the window and spills a pitcher full of water upon them, and are equally impervious to the milk bottles and epithets of the man of the house.

The association, blinded by desperation, has offered a reward of five cents for every cat delivered to its offices at 45 West street. The offer has appealed to small boys and they have been flocking to Bowling Green in such numbers that its residents now fear they may become a greater nuisance than the cats.

The association held a meeting recently and several members spoke eloquently of what a nice neighborhood they will have when all the cats are gone. It was reported that during the first day of the campaign the boys turned in twenty-two live cats. They were alive for two reasons. First, because the association will not pay the reward if they are dead, and second, because the boys refuse to kill a cat nine times for a nickel.

The crusade is being directed by William B. Hennessey, recreation secretary. When all the cats are rounded up they will be turned over to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals with the request that that organization forget all about what its name implies.

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# INTERESTING RADIO NEWS AND HINTS

## BRITISH EMPIRE WIRELESS PLANS

Recent statements of the British Postmaster General indicate that a solution has been found to the problems connected with the establishments of the British Empire wireless chain. Not all points connected with the issuance of wireless licenses have been disposed of, but there is every indication that the Government has adopted a policy which will permit private radio companies to establish high-power stations both in the United Kingdom and in the colonies. At the same time the post-office will proceed with its own plans for a high-power station in England. The new post-office station will be located near Rugby, a site with an area of 800 acres.

## HIGH-POWER RADIO STATION

Work has been started on a new 100-kilowatt radio station at Rakavica, about four kilometers from the Serbian capital, and on a receiving station at Laudon Trench, a suburb of that city. The station is being built by the French Wireless Telegraph Company and the total expense is estimated at about \$402,800. On its completion the entire installation will be taken over by the State. The operating personnel will become employees of the Department of Posts and Telegraphs, the company maintaining one engineer as a technical adviser. This particular station will be the first high-power radio installation in the Balkans, and because of the greatly increased facilities which it will afford for the dissemination of news and the rapid dispatch of information, it should soon become well-known internationally.

## MINIATURE TRANSMITTERS

Users of regenerative radio receivers should be careful in regulating the filament current of the detector tube of their receiving sets.

A regenerative receiver acts as a miniature transmitting set and a great deal of troublesome and needless interference can be created in the neighborhood by a user of this type of receiver who is not acquainted with facts regarding their operation.

The howling noises sometimes heard on a receiver are in many cases due to improperly adjusted regenerative sets.

Much of this interference can be eliminated by burning the filament on the detector tube at a brilliancy no higher than is necessary to receive the signal desired. Users of this type of equipment after tuning in their station should reduce the filament current to this limit. By observing this rule not only will the life of tubes be prolonged, but receiving conditions will be made much better for neighbors who may be trying to tune in at the same time.

## HOME-MADE PARTS

There are some things that you cannot make at home for your radio set.

In the first place, home-made variocouplers, variable condensers and such articles will not give you the same results as the factory-made ones, and far better results will

be forthcoming if these parts are bought outright. Thousands of the younger fans, though, cannot afford to pay three or four dollars for such instruments, and insist on making their own. It is ticklish work, though, and some mechanical skill is required to get a good instrument.

The things that you cannot make, though, are head receivers, audio frequency transformers and home-made battery chargers. They can be made in a machine shop if the radio fan has sufficient data to go on, but a pair of receivers or an amplifying transformer will never be as satisfactory as one that has been purchased. Usually it is a waste of time and money to even attempt to make such instruments.

The battery charger may be made at home if the fan knows something about electricity, but it is certainly most inadvisable in most cases and may result in a fire or even injury to the fan. It is best not to even think of making such an affair.

## PUSH-PULL AMPLIFIER

The desire of radio followers to obtain clearer reception and to eliminate distortion, especially from loud speakers, has stimulated interest in the push-pull amplifier. This system employs two vacuum tubes connected together in one stage of amplification so that one tube operates while the other is inoperative. The action is similar to a two-cylinder engine in which the flywheel receives a push from the second cylinder at the moment the first cylinder is not in position to be effective.

In a push-pull amplifier the two grids are connected to the secondary of a push-pull transformer. This method of wiring makes the grids oppose each other, so when one grid is positive the other will be negative. One grid assists the flow of electrons to the plate of the tube in which it is located and the other grid impedes the electron flow. Therefore, constant tube action causes less distortion and a well-balanced output under complete control. Push-pull transformers differ from audio amplifying transformers and are now made by several manufacturers. The system requires a "C" battery of about 1 1/2 to 7 volts to maintain a negative bias on the grid. Flashlight cells are used for the "C" battery.

Push-pull transmitters were originally developed for telephone use and later for loud-speaking systems. When this form of amplification was first used in radio transmitting equipment the transmitter had a button on each side of its diaphragm. The plate of one tube was connected to the other tube to the second button. When the diaphragm vibrated to produce sound it pushed one button and at the same time pulled the other. Thus it was called a push-pull system.

The main advantage of the push-pull amplification is maximum sound from the loud speaker with minimum distortion. The two tubes connected in the stage have a balancing effect between them, making it possible to get more energy out of each tube. Three times more volume can be had with



a push-pull amplifier than with a standard two-stage audio amplifier.

### NEW IDEAS FOR GROUNDS

Three methods have been introduced during recent years with a view to minimizing ground losses, namely, the multiple antenna of Alevander-son, which is employed at Radio Central; the powerful multiple transmitter station of the Radio Corporation of America; the ground screen installed at several of the Marconi stations, and the multiple ground system in use at Sainte-Assise and being installed at Nauen. The first-named is applicable to very long aerials at a medium height, and especially to those of the T or inverted L type. It really reduces it to a number of smaller aerials connected in parallel and the paths of the ground currents are greatly reduced. The ground system of each one of the multiple aerials has still to be properly designed and may involve either of the other methods. The ground screen is a development of the insulated counterpoise, the wires being so spaced and arranged that they practically screen the ground from the electric field of the aerial. The introduction of the ground screen has reduced the ground resistance of the stations where it has been installed to a fraction of the previous value, with a corresponding increase in the efficiency. The multiple ground system, on the other hand, consists in distributing under the aerial a large number of ground plates or pins, the currents from which are brought back to the transmitter station by means of overhead wires. The French engineers at Sainte-Assise have fitted up both types, so as to compare the relative merit of the ground screen and the multiple ground system. It appears that they have decided on the latter, the reasons being given that the ground screen is expensive and that the large number of wires with their supports and insulators make it difficult to carry out work on the aerial. They consider that equally good results can be obtained by the multiple ground system.

### ABOUT CONDENSERS

There is no more important unit in a radio receiver than the variable condenser, yet it is the one with which the public has been most consistently "gyped" by the unscrupulous "fly by night" manufacturer. Unless it is very carefully designed and constructed, the variable condenser will completely wreck even the most efficient circuit.

The majority of the cheap variable condensers available on the market suffer from a number of ill, any one of which is fatal. Their plates are too thin, and badly bent out of alignment, with the result that they short circuit at certain settings, or else they are so badly spaced that there is not an even and steady variation of capacity when they are adjusted.

Another bad feature is the losses sustained through bad insulation of the rotor from the stator plates. In condensers which use metal end plates it is extremely important that the bushing in which the rotor shaft revolves be constructed of the highest grade of hard rubber possible. The best arrangement of course is hard rubber and plates.

There are two forms of contact with the rotor plates, one by means of a spring rubbing contact, and the other with a flexible joint. Of the two, the latter is by far the most positive and the most efficient. A bad rubbing contact is the cause of more losses in a condenser than anything else.

In many of the condensers of the latter type, the only contact arrangement allowed for the rotor plates is a metal extension which fits around the shaft of the rotor plates underneath the locking nut. Where the mechanical design is not absolutely accurate it is quite possible that a distinct "open" will be experienced at different points in the setting of the condenser.

The best possible condenser design is one whereby there are positive stops provided in such manner that when the rotor plates are completely meshed inside the stationary plates they cannot be turned any further in the same direction, and correspondingly there is a stop which prevents any further movement when the plates are entirely outside the stator plates.

With such a condenser it is possible to solder a flexible copper gauze wire connection to the shaft. The other end of this flexible connector is joined to the binding post provided to enable the user to wire the condenser into his set. This type has a minimum of losses.

The majority of trouble causes in receivers can be traced to bad variable condensers. This is particularly true of sets which are very broad in tuning. It is not possible to get good selectivity with condensers which are inefficiently designed.

Another difficulty that will invariably result from badly constructed condensers is variable signal strength in the receivers. This is, of course, due to the bad contacting arrangements with the rotor plates. In fact, a lot of extraneous noise in the set can be traced to this very same source.

Just as it is important to use only the best variable condenser, so is it necessary to use every care in mounting it on the panel and wiring it into the set. The holes should not be drilled into the panel until it is absolutely sure that they are accurately placed. It is always best to use the manufacturers template for this purpose. The slightest error in alignment of the holding screws will place a tension on the condenser and pull the rotor plates out of the true position. In time this will seriously affect its efficiency and lead to troublesome "shorts" at different degrees of setting.

Variable condensers are seldom used outside of the tuning circuits. In other words, their place is invariably in the aerial and grid circuits of a receiver. It is at this point that we are dealing with the smallest amounts of energy in the receiver, consequently it is necessary that every possible loss should be eliminated.

Under the circumstances, therefore, it is necessary that the wiring should also be efficient. To effect this the connecting wires should not run parallel to each other. Therefore, it will always be well to take this point into consideration before connecting up the lay-out of the set, and the connections should be located at the point where the shortest possible connections can be made.



# PLUCK AND LUCK

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## ITEMS OF INTEREST

### PROGNOSTICATOR SAYS MILD WINTER

We will have a long fall and a mild winter, according to a weather forecaster in Indiana, who bases his judgment on the discovery of a number of tiny newly hatched quail in that region. It is very unusual for quail to hatch their young so late in the year and the forecaster says he bases his assertions on previous observations. Invariably, he says, the hatching of young birds late in the year is indicative of a very mild winter.

### DOCTOR MAKES ROOSTERS LAY EGGS LIKE HENS

Dr. Victor D. Lespinasse of the Medical School of Northwestern University has been Burbanking the animal kingdom and by means of interstitial gland operations has produced results in small animals and poultry that surgeons consider as amazing as anything that Luther Burbank has done with plants. A group of distinguished surgeons attending the annual Congress of the American College of Surgeons visited Dr. Lespinasse, and these are some of the things he showed them:

A hen with a well developed comb and wattles that struts and crows like a rooster.

A rooster that clucks and lays eggs.

A fowl that was hatched a hen, was operated on and began to be a rooster, but has not yet quite made the change.

### HOW AVIATORS ARE TESTED

In a huge steel cylinder in the building which houses the United States Air Service Uncle Sam's prospective aviators are put through as gruelling a test as any human being ever had to endure. The pilot enters the tank and the heavy door closes behind them; then, by means of vacuum pumps and other apparatus, the conditions which they will have to encounter at 25,000 feet are reproduced within the tank.

Each candidate is provided with a tank of oxygen and a mask with which to breathe it; they are dressed exactly as they would be to fly to such a terrific height, and, as an afterthought, telephones are installed so that should the test be

come more than a man can stand he can ask to be released.

A window is placed in the side of the tank through which an observer watches the imprisoned candidates and notes their response to the stringent conditions.

Hard as the test is, it can easily save a life, as by the use of the tank men who are unfit will be prevented from taking trial flights to high altitudes, where they might easily lose control of the planes and plunge to death.

Similar tanks are installed at Mitchell Field, on Long Island, and at other flying centres throughout the country.

## LAUGHS

"Pa," said Clarence, "what's the horn of plenty?" "Must be the automobile horn, I guess," replied his dad.

Caller—Is your mother engaged? Grace (aged five)—No, ma'am; Auntie May is engaged, but mamma's married.

"Here," said the salesman, "is a pair of pajamas you'll never wear out." "Er—yes, they are rather long for street wear, aren't they?"

Ticket Collector—We don't stop there sir! Montague Swank (who has just shown a ticket)—Stop where? Ticket Collector—At the pawnbroker's.

"A relative of mine that I never saw before came to the house last night." "Never saw him before, eh? What's his name?" "He hasn't got any yet, but we intend to christen him John."

An Irishman was seated in a train beside a pompous individual who was accompanied by a dog. "Foine dog ye have," said the Irishman. "Pwhat kind is it?" "A cross between an Irishman and an ape," the man replied. "Shure an' it's related to both of us," the Irishman rejoined.

On the occasion of Prince Bismarck's eightieth birthday, Professor Lenbach congratulated him and said he trusted that Bismarck might have many happy years in store for him. To this came the reply, "My dear Lenbach, the first eighty years of a man's life are always the happiest."

Two girls were quarreling. "Oh, said one, 'you've got a chauffeur's tongue.'" "What?" cried the other girl, scared. "Is it catching? How does one get it?" "Oh," said the other pointedly, "through constantly running people down!"

An Irishman who was writing a letter, heard a gap begin to write his name with his right hand; then, changing the pen to his left hand, finished it. "So you can write with either hand, Pat?" asked the officer. "Yes, sir," replied Pat. "When I was a boy me father always said to me: 'Pat, learn to cut your own throat with yer left hand, for some day ye might lose your right!'"



## PLUCK AND LUCK HERE AND THERE

### CHILD SACRIFICE AT CARTHAGE

Historical evidence goes to show that the sacrifice of children to the Mother Goddess was not infrequent. Two French archeologists, Mm. Pouissote and Lautier, engaged in exploring the ruins of ancient Carthage, have unearthed in front of an altar near a temple of Tanit three vaults containing the charred bones of new-born babies and children from two to three years of age. The archeologists believe that to the left of the altar was a stone slab with a bronze grill, under which burnt a fierce fire, and here the naked bodies of the first-born were offered in accordance with the ancient rites which were regularly practised from the sixth or seventh centuries before the Christian era until the destruction of Carthage by the Romans. Others, however, believe that it was customary for the parents to reclaim the remains of sacrificed children, and that the bones now found, a gruesome pile 15 feet high, are the remains of sacrificed children placed by their parents under the protection of the all-powerful Tanit.

### THE GREAT MONOLITHS OF TINIAN

Although the existence of the colossal columned tombs of Tinian, an island of the Marianne group, north of Guam in the Pacific Ocean, has been known ever since 1746, says the *Christian Science Monitor*, when Lord George Anson, an English naval officer, described them, no effort was ever made accurately to measure, excavate and photograph them until a few months ago. The pillars are monoliths of hard island rock 15 feet high, 5 feet 4 inches square at the base and weighing over 30 tons, being surmounted by a hemispherical top piece weighing more than seven tons. The pillars are arranged in two parallel rows, five in a row, and study of these sites indicates that they were monumental religious structures. Something of the significance of the size of the blocks may be gained by realizing that the Tinian stones are heavier by five tons than the largest of any of the single blocks used in the Egyptian pyramids.

### CAPTURE OF JEFF DAVIS

While Jeff Davis was actually captured by members of the 4th Mich. Cav. under Col. Pritchard, the special detail of the 1st Wis. Cav. under Col. Harnden was on the ground and charged with the capture of Davis. Davis was surprised in camp a mile from Iron Mountain, Ga., at daylight, May 10, 1865. Both cavalry forces raised the camp at the same time and began to fire at each other, thinking they were shooting at Davis's guard in the dim morning light. Two of the 4th Mich. Cav. were killed and several on each side wounded before the mistake was discovered. The special detail of the 4th Mich. Cav. consisted of Col. Pritchard with 1 Captain, 4 First and 2 Second Lieutenants and 123 enlisted men, selected from each company of the regiment (their names are

given in "Michigan in the War"). The detail of the 1st Wis. Cav. consisted of about 75 men. The Commission appointed by the War Department decided that the \$100,000 reward offered by President Johnson "for the arrest of Jefferson Davis" should go to the Michigan detail, but Congress later took up the matter and decided that the money should be divided as follows: Gen. Wilson, Col. Pritchard, Col. Harnden and Capt. Joseph A. Yoeman (1st Ohio Cav.) each \$3,000. The remainder of the \$100,000 to be distributed equally to the members of the two organizations with the expedition.—Editor National Tribune.

### TOWN WHERE RENT COSTS \$1 A MONTH

Pequaming, nine miles north of L'Anse, Mich., is Henry Ford's town. The highest rent there is \$1 a month, electric light and water are furnished at cost, the doctor's bill is never more than \$1.50 a month, and fuel famines are unknown.

The Detroit automobile manufacturer acquired possession of Pequaming recently from Charles Hebard & Sons, Inc., pioneer lumbermen of the peninsula.

When the town was built in 1877 the owners set about to make it something different from other lumber towns. They wanted a community of comfortable homes and happy, contented workmen. They seemed to think more of the welfare of their employees than they did of the profits of their enterprise.

There are 105 cottages for the workmen, two churches—one Protestant and one Catholic—an amusement hall, a school, a clubhouse, a waterworks and electric lighting plant, a telephone system, a general store where all residents shop, and a public playground and park.

Each workman pays the same rent—\$1 a month. He need never worry about coal, for he burns none. Instead he stuffs his big stove with hardwood from the company's forests, paying \$1.75 for a large wagonload—barely the cost of cutting and delivering. A doctor administers to the ills of the community at a charge of \$1.50 a month.

The beauty of Pequaming has won frequent comment from tourists. The streets are well shaded, the houses are of varying types, and there is a garden with every house. Purchase of the town gives Mr. Ford ownership of Pequaming's only industry, the saw mill property of the Hebard corporation. This includes a large saw mill, lath and shingle mills and 40,000 acres of land containing 400,000,000 feet of standing timber.

The saw mill is the third purchased by Ford since his invasion of the Upper Peninsula two years ago. The first was at Iron Mountain, now fast becoming an industrial center of the Upper Peninsula, and the second was at L'Anse.

The Pequaming property makes the Ford manufacturer the largest single taxpayer in Baraga county. He will pay about three-fourths of the taxes of the entire county.

Mr. Ford has not announced what policy he will follow at Pequaming, or whether he will continue the Hebard program that has made Pequaming a model town.



## INTERESTING ARTICLES

## SHORTAGE OF PLUMBERS

The peak demand for bricklayers and plasterers has been passed and now there is a marked shortage of plumbers and steamfitters, according to reports to the New York Building Trades Employers Association by the Heating and Piping Contractors Association and Plumbing Contractors Association.

Bricklayers who were getting a minimum of \$14 and as high as \$20 a day during the summer passed their heyday about August 1. Then began the shortage of plasterers and tile layers, who, by reason of their employers' excessive bidding for men, were able to command wages up to \$14 and \$16 a day, while the bricklayers' wage sank to the official rate of \$12 a day for eight hours' work.

Two months ago, with the finishing of apartment houses for occupancy October 1, the market for plasterers and tile layers slumped heavily and wages came down to the official rate of \$12 for plasterers and \$10 for tilelayers.

Now the plumbers and steamfitters are in clover and command several dollars over the established rate of \$10 a day, some getting as high as \$12. There are about 10,000 plumbers and steamfitters in the greater city, all in demand, for with the approach of cold weather builders want to have their heating plants installed, while landlords are using men to get their heating plants repaired.

## DARK SPOTS ATTRACT MOSQUITOES

Now that the mosquito season is over an English scientist comes forward with the announcement that mosquitoes are partial to certain colors and that it is possible to play upon the likes and dislikes of the mosquito in avoiding his bites. Dark blue, according to the Englishman, possesses a curious attraction for the insects and that is the reason many people who wear dark blue socks or stockings with low shoes get bitten on the ankle.

On the other hand, mosquitoes do not like yellow, so this is a good color to wear if you wish to escape being bitten. Here are the colors in order of attraction and repulsion, beginning with those which attract:

Dark blue, dark red, brown, red, black, gray, green, violet, light blue, pearl, pale green, white, orange and yellow.

Mosquitoes and other insects are equally particular about scents, the scientist believes. They intensely dislike that of paraffin and you can keep them off a horse by rubbing his coat with a substance that has been dampened in paraffin.

Although you cannot well daub yourself with paraffin to keep off mosquitoes, there are many other scents which, while not unpleasant to you, are disliked by them. Mosquitoes and flies are repelled by any plant which produces essential oils, and more so by the oils themselves. And camphor, camphor, clove, cinnamon, citron, eucalyptus, geranium, lemon, mint, rose, sage, and especially the latter, form good protection against insects.

## WALKED ON BY AN ELEPHANT

An African wanderer gives an interesting account of the reckless daring of the natives in moments of excitement. Late in the afternoon he shot two elephants and early the next morning sent some of his attendants out to bring in the tusks. So many hours passed without any tidings of the party that he began to be anxious. In the late afternoon he saw in the distance several men, some mounted, and others on foot, while one led a camel with a curious-looking load.

He had a foreboding that something was wrong and in a few minutes he clearly perceived a man lying upon a makeshift litter, carried by the camel, while Dan and Suleiman accompanied the party horseback.

They soon came up. Poor little Dick, a plucky and active ally, lay, as the man thought, dead upon the litter. They removed him gently, administered spirits, and on examination found his thigh broken a little above the knee. Fortunately it was a simple fracture.

Dan now explained the cause of the accident. While the camelmens and others were engaged in cutting up the dead elephants, three aggageers found the tracks of a wounded bull that had escaped into the thick jungle. He was tracked to a position within two or three hundred yards of the dead elephants.

As there were no guns, two of the men resolved to ride through the narrow passage formed by the large game and take their chance with the elephant, sword in hand. Dick, as usual, took the lead on his little gray mare. With the greatest difficulty he advanced through the tangled thorns, which had been broken by the passage of heavy game. To the right and left of the passage it was impossible to move.

Dan had wisely dismounted, but Suleiman followed Dick. On arriving within a few yards of the elephant, which was invisible in the thick thorns, Dan crept forward on foot, and discovered him standing with ears cocked, evidently waiting for the attack. As Dick followed on his little gray mare, the elephant caught the white color and at once charged.

Escape was next to impossible. Dick turned his mare sharp round, and she bounded off; but she caught in the thorns and fell, throwing her rider in the path of the elephant, only a few feet behind in full chase. The mare recovered herself in an instant and rushed away. The elephant, occupied by her white color, paid no attention to the man, but trod on him in the pursuit and broke his thigh.

Dan, who had been between the elephant and Dick, had wisely jumped into the thick thorns. As the elephant himself passed, he sprang out behind and followed with his drawn sword.

Jumping over Dick's body, he was just in time to deliver a tremendous cut at the hind leg of the elephant, that must otherwise have killed both horses and probably the man also. The three were caught in a passage that had no outlet and would have been at the elephant's mercy.



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By ALOIS MERKE

Founder of Famous Merke Institute, Fifth Avenue, New York

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I know you are skeptical. I know that you have tried perhaps dozens of different remedies and treatments without results. All right. Perhaps my treatment cannot help you either. I don't know. But I do know that it has banished falling hair and dandruff for hundreds of others. I do know that it has already given thick, luxuriant hair to people who long ago had despaired of regaining their hair. And I am so downright positive that it will do the same for you that I absolutely GUARANTEE to grow new hair on your head—and if I fail, then the test is free.

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scalp is completely bare, it is now possible in the majority of cases to awaken these dormant roots, and stimulate an entirely new growth of hair! I KNOW this to be true—because I do it every day.

Ordinary measures failed because they did not penetrate to these dormant roots. To make a tree grow, you would not think of rubbing "growing fluid" on the bark. Instead you would get right to the roots. And so it is with the hair.

There is only one method I know about of penetrating direct to the roots and getting nourishment to them. And this method is embodied in the treatment that I now offer you. The treatment can be used in any home in which there is electricity.

Already hundreds of men and women who only recently were bald or troubled with thin falling hair, have through this method, acquired hair so thick that it is the envy and admiration of their friends. As for dandruff and similar scalp disorders, these usually disappear after the first few applications.

Remember—I do not ask you to risk "one penny." You try it on my absolute GUARANTEE. If after 30 days you are not more than delighted with the growth of hair produced, then I'll gladly return every cent you have paid me. I don't want your money unless I grow hair on your head.

## Free Booklet Explains Treatment

If you will merely fill in and mail the coupon below I will gladly send you—without cost or obligation—an interesting 32-page booklet, describing my treatment in detail.

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Geo. M. Schwank reports that even with a second application of the compound his hair stopped falling; then a new growth started. The well known merchant, John H. Brittain was almost completely bald and after using Kotalko a new full crop of hair grew.

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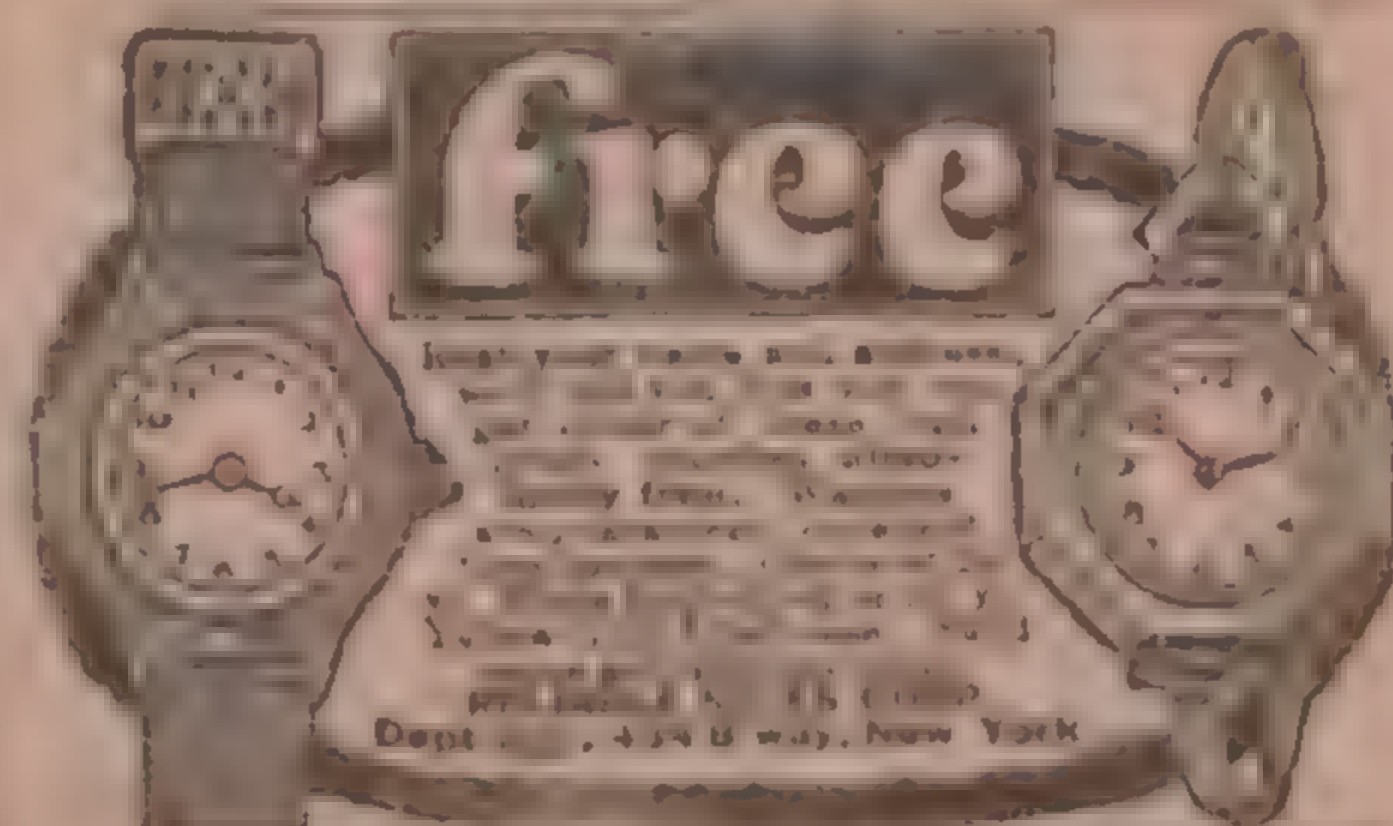
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Some very interesting tests, says the *Scientific American*, have been made to determine which smoke contains the most nicotine. Long glass tubes, in one end of which the cigar, cigarette and pipe are interted, the other end being connected with an exhaust pump, are used in the test. The nicotine is absorbed in filter paper. These tests showed conclusively that cigarette smoke contained the least amount of nicotine. For example, Virginia cigarettes, containing 1.40 per cent nicotine, gave a smoke containing only 0.12 per cent. nicotine. Turkish cigarettes, containing 1.38 per cent. nicotine, gave a smoke with only 0.51 per cent. nicotine. Egyptian cigarettes with 1.74 per cent. of the alkaloid yielded a smoke with just 0.21 per cent. of nicotine.

A Havana cigar, containing only 0.64 per cent. nicotine, with 0.20 per cent. of the alkaloid. Tobacco smoked in the pipe, containing 2.85 per cent. of nicotine, yields a smoke containing 2.20 per cent. of nicotine.



## BIRDS SWEEP TO SEA

Migratory birds on their way to southern wintering places are sometimes swept long distances out of their course by storms. An interesting memorandum has been received by the Weather Bureau of the United States Department of Agriculture in connection with a marine weather report from the American steamship *Manchuria*.

From October 27; when the vessel was in latitude 40 degrees 36 minutes, longitude 66 degrees, to noon October 28, latitude 41 degrees 45 minutes, longitude 59 degrees 27 minutes, several hundred birds alighted on the ship, having evidently been swept to sea by a strong northwest breeze. The varieties noted included six or more robins, several starlings and thrushes, one catbird, a flicker, many vesper sparrows, several bluebirds, many small flycatchers-like birds and many other small birds about the size of sparrows unfamiliar to the ship's officer who made the observations.

At the time these birds began to alight on the ship there seemed to be many more on the sea. Those that failed to make the ship died rapidly, although there were only light breezes.

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